August 1970

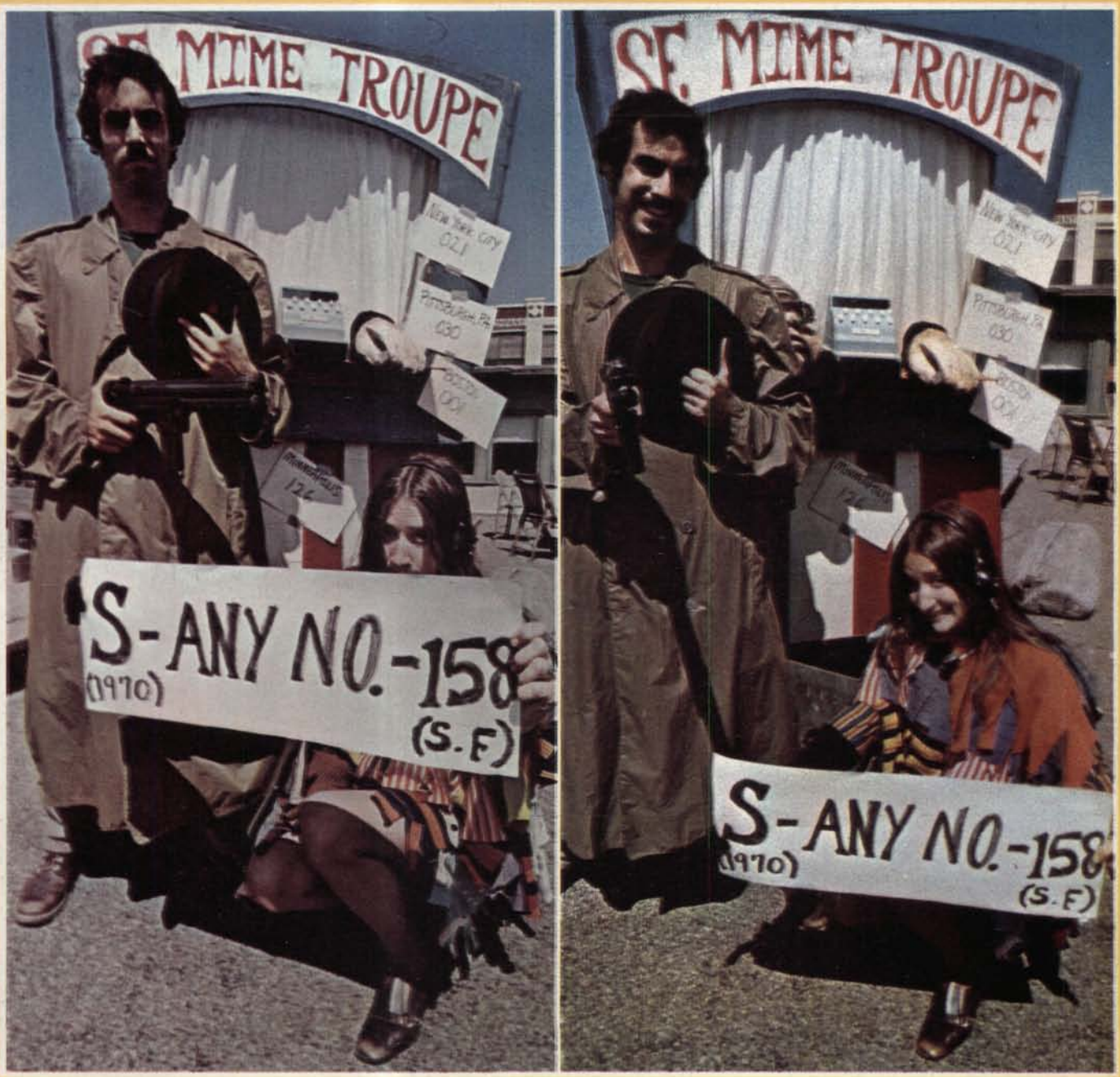
PDC

The Abortion Con; Cambodia Fights Back; Deutscher on Lenin
Jocks Against the War; Soledad Frame-up; Venceremos Brigade 75¢

Ramparts®

COPY 2

Ripping off Ma Bell—How to Make Phone Calls Free



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Violence wounds us all.

We can close our eyes to the events of our time; close our ears to the voices that express the ideas and emotions behind those events; close our minds to the struggles of people, both young and old, who labor in the causes of peace and freedom and life against the evils of war and violence and repression and death. But violence wounds us all.

It is not enough to offer sympathy. It is not enough that death triggers our hearts to mourning. It must also trigger our minds to think.

The music of our time is perhaps the only medium through which we can come to recognize and understand these ideas and feelings. When music becomes the mirror of the chaos and frustration in our troubled world, then it becomes our responsibility, ultimately our duty, not just to listen, but to act.

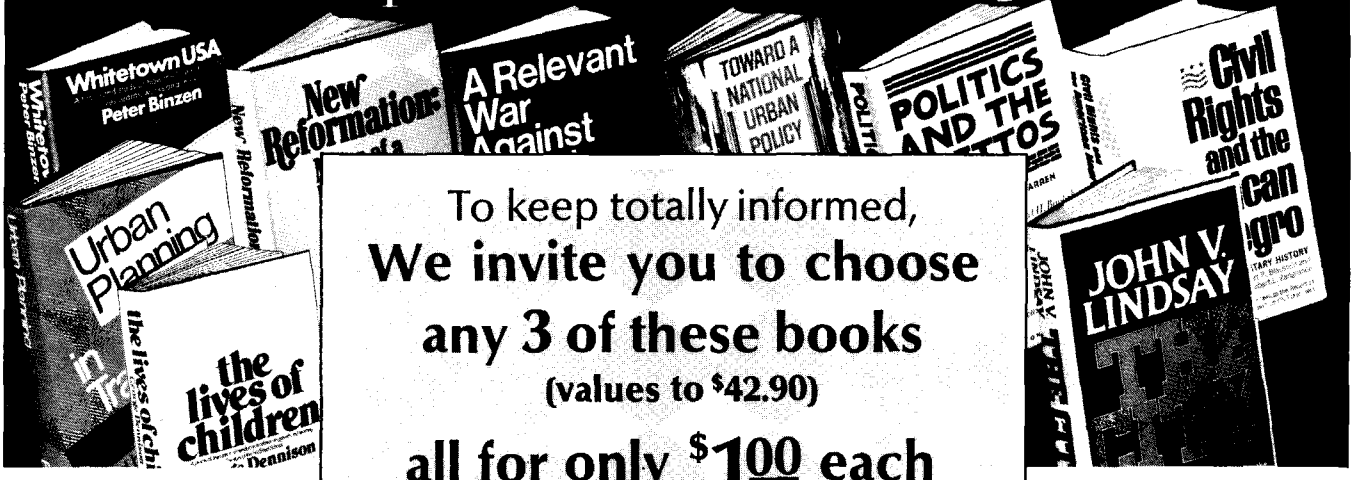
If communication is our goal, then we must realize that human understanding is the highest purpose of communication. And if we are not afraid to listen, then we must not be afraid to speak. We are the communicators. Each of us in his own way must help achieve human understanding.

ELEKTRA RECORDS 15 COLUMBUS CIRCLE NEW YORK 10023

RAMPARTS is published monthly by Ramparts Magazine, Inc. MAIN OFFICES: 1940 Bonita Ave., Berkeley, California 94704, telephone 849-4771. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $8.50, one year; $15.00, two years in USA and possessions. Foreign rate: $9.50, one year; $17.00 two years. Foreign Airmail rate: Mexico, Central America, Caribbean Islands, $17.00; Europe, South America, Africa (bordering the Mediterranean), $21.00; Far & Near East, USSR, Australia & remainder of Africa, $26.50. Single issue, 75 cents. Copyright ©1970 by Ramparts Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts submitted to RAMPARTS must be sent with stamped, self-addressed envelope to ensure their return. RAMPARTS editors assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Second copies should be retained by writer. SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE: Send both new and old address (enclose recent magazine address label, if possible). Please allow six weeks for change of address. Second-class postage paid at Berkeley, California, and at additional offices. Printed in the U.S.A.

PRODUCED BY IN7.ORG
EDITORIAL ENHANCEMENTS ADDED

Will better housing provoke more riots??? Do we secretly approve of poverty??? Will neighborhood management groups destroy city government??? What can the private citizen do to improve his env



To keep totally informed,

We invite you to choose any 3 of these books

(values to $42.90)

all for only $1.00 each

with a short trial membership in

The Library of Urban Affairs

(retail price shown)

80580. THE STATES AND THE URBAN CRISIS. *Edited by Alan K. Campbell.* Urban specialists and practitioners take measure of exactly how states are failing to deal with the crisis in their cities—and propose some realistic alternatives to present policies. **$5.95**

87150. WHITETOWN, U.S.A. *Peter Binzen.* First-hand observations by a reporter who moved into a typical white working-class community and found out how this potentially explosive segment of the population lives and thinks. **$7.95**

73470. THE RSVP CYCLES. *Lawrence Halprin.* A uniquely talented planner and general environmentalist explores the root processes we use—and can use even more fruitfully—to shape our environment. **$15.00**

85290. THE UNHEAVENLY CITY. *Edward C. Banfield.* Controversial debunking of urban refrom efforts and social policies, by an influential political scientist and Presidential advisor. **$6.95**

58750. THE LIVES OF CHILDREN. *George Dennison.* The already-famuos story of a unique experimental school in the heart of a slum—23 incorrigible kids making phenomenal gains in growth and learning. **$6.95**

69770. POLITICS AND THE GHETTOS. *Edited by Roland L. Warren.* 13 experts—among them, Martin Rein, Tom Hayden, Whitney Young—examine the complex forces that create and perpetuate ghettos. **$7.95**

65280. THE OMNI-AMERICANS/SOULSIDE. *A dual selection.* Albert Murray examines the U.S. Negro as an essential creator of the American cultural mainstream. *Plus* Ulf Hannerz presents a first-hand graphic depiction of ghetto people and their lives. **$12.90**

85480. URBAN PLANNING IN TRANSITION. *Edited by Ernest Erber.* A candid, free-swinging debate on planning methods and policies, from the American Institute of Planners' Conference in 1968. **$15.00**

38050. THE CITY. *John V. Lindsay.* The mayor of New York talks about his city from an inside view—suggesting some approaches to Big City problems in general. **$5.95**

38120. CIVIL RIGHTS AND THE AMERICAN NEGRO. *Edited by Albert P. Blaustein and Robert L. Zangrando.* Acts, court decisions, executive orders, speeches—over 100 documents that strikingly illuminate the black American's struggle for his constitutional rights. **$7.95**

Who belongs to the Library of Urban Affairs?
Leading city planners, social scientists, government consultants, architects, concerned citizens.

What are the advantages?
Our editors select only the most useful, exciting, and valuable books in the field. They are offered to you at savings up to 30%. For every 4 books you buy, you get a free bonus book.

Should you *join?*
Only if you are seriously concerned, and want to be fully informed.

36130. BEYOND RACISM. *Whitney Young, Jr.* The director of the Urban League, in a tough but fair book, calls for an "open society" and a reallocation of resources in the difficult struggle for equality. **$6.95**

73860. A RELEVANT WAR AGAINST POVERTY. *Kenneth Clark and Jeannette Hopkins.* Dramatically highlights the failures and "successes" among community action programs in 12 key cities and sheds light on the underlying problems. **$6.95**

64460. NEW REFORMATION: Notes of a Neolithic Conservative. *Paul Goodman.* A "radical conservative," the author of *Growing Up Absurd,* gets at the heart of our growing disaffection with the system and offers some practical, if startling, proposals for change. **$5.95**

84430. TOWARD A NATIONAL URBAN POLICY. *Edited by Daniel P. Moynihan.* 25 experts evaluate what is being done—and what can be done—to improve the quality of urban life. **$7.95**

87140. WHITE POWER/BLACK FREEDOM. *Arnold Schuster.* A plan of action for mobilizing Americans to make drastic changes in the structure and values in our country. **$11.50**

49520. THE FUTURE OF INEQUALITY. *S. M. Miller and Pamela Roby.* In a controversial new approach, the authors break away from the narrow concentration on income to study other dimensions of inequality suffered by the poor. **$7.95**

TRIAL MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

THE LIBRARY OF URBAN AFFAIRS, Riverside, N.J. 08075 **8-921**

Upon acceptance of this order, please enroll me as a trial member and send the 3 books whose numbers I have indicated. Bill me only $1.00 for each, plus shipping and handling. If not delighted, I will return them within 10 days and my membership will be cancelled. As a trial member, I need accept as few as 3 more selections during the next 12 months always at reduced member prices plus shipping and handling, and I may cancel membership any time thereafther. Each month I will receive a newsletter describing the forthcoming selection, along with a convenient form for requesting alternate selections or no book at all. I understand I may choose a free book every 4 selections purchased. (Introductory offer counts as the first selection.)

***Three Books for only $1.00 each**
(write in numbers)

_____ _____

_____

NAME.....

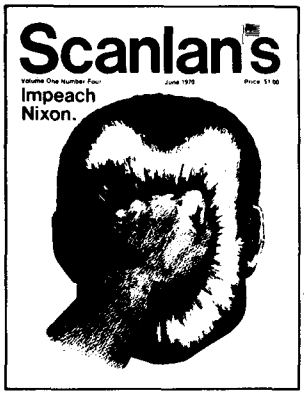
ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

Offer good only in Continental U.S. and Canada only.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU TRUST YOUR MOTHER



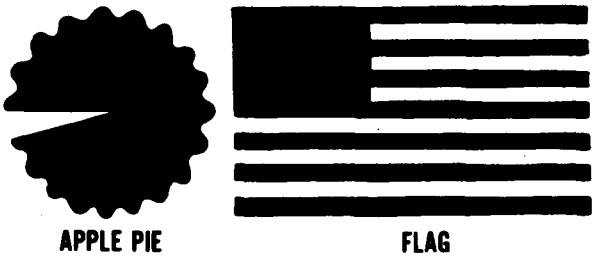
SCANLAN'S is a new magazine.

It's probably the only magazine ever named for a universally loathed Irish pig farmer. It's probably also the only magazine which pays advertisers for running their ads or which charges its readers for their letters to the editor. But more about that later.

SCANLAN'S is run by two guys – Warren Hinckle (formerly of RAMPARTS), and Sidney Zion (formerly of THE NEW YORK TIMES). You could think of SCANLAN'S as a cross between RAMPARTS and THE NEW YORK TIMES. You'd be dead wrong, but you could think of it that way if you wanted to. SCANLAN'S feels people should think what they want to think.

AXE

SCANLAN'S has no axe to grind politically or otherwise, but we're more than willing to take a whack at anyone of whatever persuasion if we think he deserves one, including members of our most hallowed institutions. Not that we have anything against Mom or Apple Pie or The Flag, but still. You trust your mother but you cut the cards.



APPLE PIE FLAG

Some folks are going to hate SCANLAN'S quite a lot. Some not so much. Some might get a big kick out of it. We hope not *everybody* likes SCANLAN'S, because if everybody likes you then you're in trouble. (You can tell a man by his enemies, and all that.)

SCANLAN'S is not a service magazine. It will not tell you how to find a husband or a wife or a bed partner, and it will not tell you how to turn a butterchurn into a lamp or a lamp into a butterchurn. If we like something, if we think it's exciting, we'll run it in SCANLAN'S even if it seems out of place. We think magazine editors who say, "This article is great, but it's not for us," are full of it.

Here are some examples of the sort of thing you'll find in SCANLAN'S:

★ How people counterfeit credit cards and get away with it.

★ How to impeach Richard Nixon and get away with it.

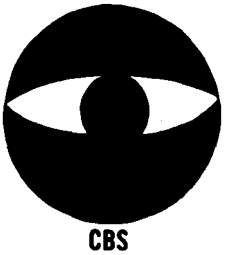
★ How after six months and one billion dollars, advertising got to own ecology.

★ An inside, gossipy, substantive, and altogether lovely attack on Newsweek by one of its ex-staffers.

★ New Hot Water for Teddy Kennedy – a story that has thus far proven too hot for any American newspaper to handle.

★ The Persecution of the Chicago Black Panthers: A Murder Mystery by John Kifner, of the New York Times Chicago Bureau.

★ Recently smuggled-in examples of underground political pornography from Russia.



CBS

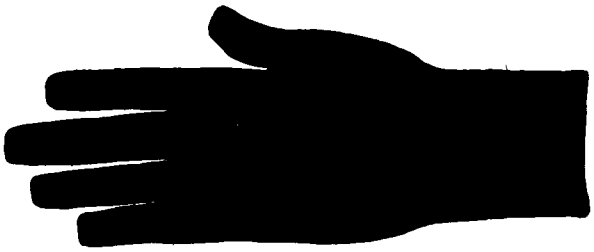
ATROCITY RECORD

★ A story about how CBS was so interested in filming a documentary of an invasion of Haiti that it helped finance the invasion itself.

★ A story about the just-concluded court-martial of an Army lieutenant in Vietnam who was charged with deliberately killing a prisoner of war – not a Viet Cong but a South Vietnamese ARVN soldier. With a bound-in 33⅓ rpm record of testimony made from secret Army tapes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUT YOU CUT THE CARDS.



MAFIA

★ A thing about how there is no Mafia in Jersey City (heh heh).
★ Personal stories of the women of the Chicago Seven.
★ A high school student's attack on the SDS as being elitist and paternalistic.
★ A mobster's review of two new books on the Mafia.
★ More things like the above, some of it even better, some of it not.

Now about that business of paying advertisers. We at SCANLAN'S happen to be financially independent for the present because we sold stock in our magazine, went public and raised 675,000 bucks. This is a lot of money, even for boozehounds like Warren Hinckle and Sidney Zion, so we're in fairly solid shape.

Still, we enjoy reading a really good ad as much as a really good article, and since we aren't hard up for Madison Avenue money, we figured why not pay a guy who writes a terrific ad as well as we pay a guy who writes a terrific article? We pay from $1,000 to $1,500 for articles, so we guess we can pay $500 for a really top-notch ad.

To even things off, we *are* going to charge people who want us to print their letters to the editor, since we feel this is a form of the Vanity Press. Letters to the editor of SCANLAN'S will be printed at a cost to the writer of 25 cents per word. Correspondents are advised to edit their own letters, as it will cost them more if they don't. Letters which we find particularly dumb or boring will cost $1.00 per word, and they will only be put into type after the writer's check clears the bank.

So much for that. Now comes the pitch.

If you have already read this far, you are at least *somewhat* intrigued by what we are selling, right? Now then, what we are selling costs a buck an issue, or since this is a Charter Subscription, *ten* bucks for *twelve* issues – which is not peanuts but which is not Baked Alaska either.

Let's face it, what's ten bucks these days anyway? Seven drinks in a bar, or three-and-a-third tickets to an arty movie. A subscription to SCANLAN'S, even if it isn't better, will at least *last* longer.

So think it over. If you're a big enough sport to gamble a sawbuck, fill in the coupon below, drop it into an envelope and mail it in. We'll raise a little hell together in the next twelve months.

SAWBUCK

If you're *really* a big sport, send us a check for ten bucks with the coupon instead of having us bill you, and as a reward for saving us a lot of dumb paperwork we'll send you a free copy of SCANLAN'S first issue, which weighs a pound and which we hear is already something of a collector's item.

Scanlan's

SCANLAN'S LITERARY HOUSE, INC.
143 West 44th Street
New York, New York 10036

Gentlemen:

I should like to receive your plucky magazine by mail every month in order to save money and to save also the aggravation of having to keep running down to the newsstand all the time. I enclose ten bucks (10 bucks) for twelve issues. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied it is my tough luck.

☐ Bill me.

☐ I enclose the money and expect to receive, as a reward for my touching faith, a free copy of SCANLAN'S first and very hard-to-get issue.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

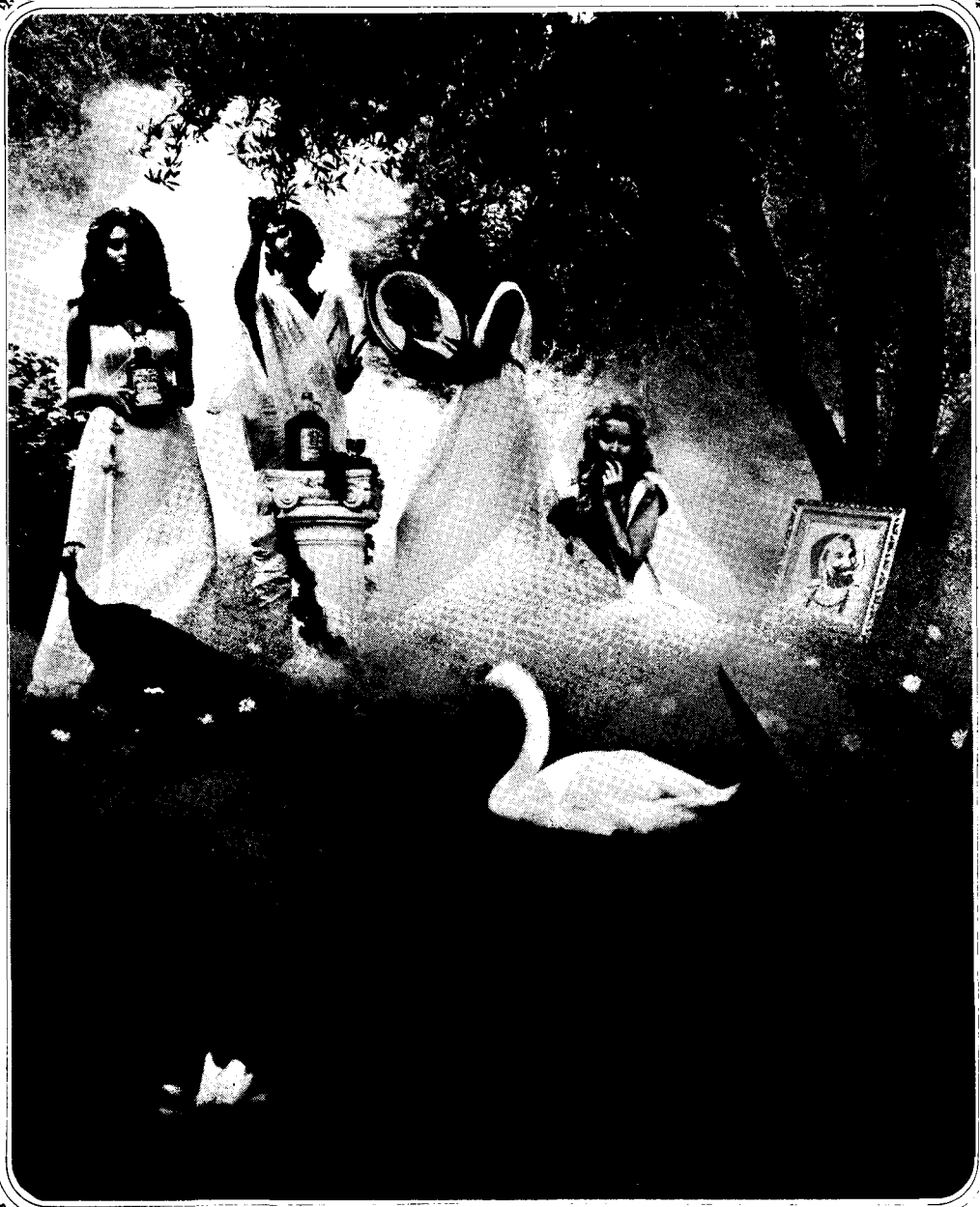
© 1970, Scanlan's Monthly and Dan Greenburg.

R-1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CRIBARI WINE

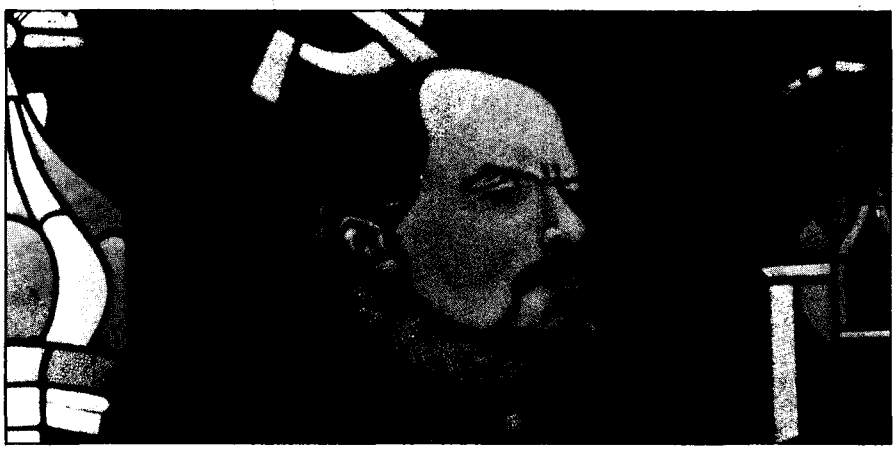
THE GENTLE JOURNEY



For your full color 29" x 45" Gentle Journey poster, send complete name and address with $1.00 to Beniamino Cribari, P.O. Box 77551, San Francisco, Ca. 94107.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[Page 6] Letter from Cuba



[Page 36] Deutscher on Lenin

[Page 19] Abortion and the Law

[Page 31] Soledad and Its Victims

Herein:

A Letter from Camp Venceremos 6
Jocks 1, War 0 15
by Jack Scott
Abortion Reform: The New Tokenism
[I] Abortion Law Repeal (sort of): 19
A Warning to Women
by Lucinda Cisler
[II] The Victims 23
The San Francisco Mime Troupe: 26
Ripping off Ma Bell
The Soledad Brothers: 31
How a Prison Picks Its Victims
by Eve Pell
The Road to Phnom Penh: 32
Cambodia Takes up the Gun
by Banning Garrett
The Making of a Revolutionary
Introduction 38
Lenin: The Making of a Revolutionary 40
by Isaac Deutscher
Back of the Book: 54
Hoover Damned
by Andy Truskier

Ramparts®

VOL. 9, NO. 2 AUGUST 1970

EDITORIAL BOARD
Jan Austin ☐ Peter Collier ☐ Sheila Daar
David Horowitz ☐ David Kolodney
Steve Weissman

CONSULTING ART DIRECTOR
John Williams

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR
Louise Kollenbaum

INTERNATIONAL EDITOR
Eldridge Cleaver

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Rhoda Slanger ☐ Peter Stone (New York)

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Toni Barrientos ☐ Mehrene Larudee
Diane Margolis

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Michael Ansara, Arthur Blaustein, Don Duncan, Art Goldberg, Deborah Green, Karl Hess, Paul Krassner, Elinor Langer, Harold Lipset, Susan Lydon, Monique Maurer, Jessica Mitford, Carl Oglesby, Marcus Raskin, Daniel Schechter, Stephen Schneck, Jack Scott, Stanley Sheinbaum, Sol Stern, William Turner.

REGIONAL EDITORS
New York ☐ Sandra Levinson
Washington ☐ Lee Webb
London ☐ Peter Buckman
Los Angeles ☐ Farrel Broslawski

CONTROLLER
Robert J. Kaldenbach

BUSINESS STAFF
Stephen Robinson (Business Manager)
Nancy Tibbon (Western Advertising Mgr.)
Ray Souza (Bookkeeper)
Judy Oringer (Administrative Assistant)
Steve Charmaz, John Giachino, Alma Ishii, Linda Morse, Pat Shell (Subscription Dept.)

EDITORIAL ROOMS AND MAIN BUSINESS OFFICE
1940 Bonita Avenue
Berkeley, California 94704
Telephone: (415) 849-4771

Contents Copyright © 1970 by Ramparts Magazine, Inc. Marca Registrada

Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

Back volumes available from University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan

All rights reserved

Cover photographs by John Peden

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Letter from Camp Venceremos

Compañero–

There is the most beautiful consciousness here in Cuba. I want so badly to tell you all about every single experience, every bit of what has happened so far. Let me begin by saying life here has been a constant up, marred only by news from the States–Fred Hampton's murder, the L.A. Panther shoot-out, the usual war shit and, of course, worst of all, Doris Day's son's connection with the Sharon Tate murder house (how will the American Dream recover?).

It's very hard to convey anything of our experience on paper. The best I can come up with seems to be a page of superlatives. Maybe the only way to ever try would be to wait and use my face and my hands to explain.

The things I really want to write about are nuances and implications, but to talk about these things without first describing the norms, the backgrounds against which they occur, may not be the best way to make sense. Guess it's best to just throw a collage at you and rely on some of the essays I've begun to clarify and pull things together more.

The camp is located in Habana province near the town of Aguacate. It's rustic but not primitive. We sleep on bunks made of crushed *cogollo* (top of the cane plant). Home is a tent which houses 20 women. Sometimes the temperature gets down to 35 to 40°, so the well-dressed comrade usually wears a couple of sweatshirts, pants, gloves and two pairs of socks to bed.

The work is really an ass-breaker. We were broken in

Photographs by Candy Freeland

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

17 reasons why you should read psychology today

1. Why words are the least important of the ways we communicate with each other.
2. The sexual reason behind the popularity of natural childbirth.
3. Why political leaders are constantly in danger of insanity.
4. Why Asians make better politicians than Westerners.
5. Do men need more recreation than women?
6. What kind of parents do hippies make?
7. Why it may be time to end the taboo against incest.
8. The inferiority feelings of men who seek corporate power.
9. What the schizophrenic is trying to tell us.
10. Are campus activists rebelling against the system—or their parents?
11. What your daydreams reveal about your ethnic background.
12. Why do swingers tend to become impotent?
13. Is it time to grant the right to commit suicide?
14. Does a child think before he can talk?
15. Why are today's students attracted to violence?
16. Are "hawks" sexually repressed?
17. Are some men born criminals?

Want to learn what modern psychology has learned about people? Including you?

Until recently, that was quite an order. Your choice would have been to plow through professional journals. Read weighty new books as quickly as they came out. Or trust the mass media—where psychology is often sensationalized, distorted, oversimplified.

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY has changed all that

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is a new magazine that enables the educated layman to catch up with the social sciences. And keep up. With full coverage of all the different approaches to understanding the human condition. The viewpoints range from hard-core Freudianism to the newer behaviorists who, frankly, think Freud was all wet.

It's psychology the way you'd want it to be presented. Excitingly. Without tired jargon. No cliche-ridden definitions. And with contributions by many of the most famous names in the behavioral sciences—like Bruno Bettelheim, Kenneth B. Clark, Rollo May, Ashley Montagu, Carl Rogers and B. F. Skinner.

Send for a complimentary issue

You can find out what PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is like—and learn a few things you may never have known before—without paying a penny. If you mail the coupon, we'll send you a complimentary issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY.

There's no obligation.

6-337

psychology today

P.O. Box 2990, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me my complimentary current issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY. I may keep my sample copy and owe nothing. However, unless I cancel, you may enroll me as a trial subscriber and send me the next 11 issues. Bill me after my subscription has started for just $6.00, my special Introductory rate—instead of the regular $10 annual price.

Name_____
(Please Print)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gradually: two hours the first day, four the next, then the full seven hours, five-and-a-half days a week. We're up at 5:30 A.M. (to the sound of *de pie* yelled over the PA system), out to the fields by 7:00 where we work until about 11:00. There is a three-and-a-half hour siesta, during which we usually talk, write, have political meetings or work meetings, do laundry, etc.; then we work again until about 6:00 P.M.

The work is rough. The late mornings and early afternoons are usually very hot, yet often the fields are muddy. The individual stalks of cane are six to ten feet tall and 3/4 inch in diameter. You should see us walking home at night—caked all over with mud and sweat. A favorite line is "Think I'll go freshen up—throw a little dirt on my face."

Physically, we're holding up okay, although periodic diarrhea storms hit the camp, along with various allergies, bad reactions to food and minor machete wounds. The only trouble I've had has been cutting into a couple of hills of red ants in the field.

Yesterday was Christmas. The Cubans have postponed all winter holidays until the end of the harvest (July), so it was a regular work day for us except that Fidel, Major Montane, Melba Hernandez of the Central Committee and some NLF and DRV members came to cut cane with us and have dinner afterwards.

Fidel is totally fantastic—completely overwhelming. He is direct, candid, immediate, humble, brilliant, audacious. Some of us were able to have an informal rap with him and he told us wonderful stories about the fighting in the Sierra Maestra. Lots of funny incidents came rushing out. Jesus, he was so lit up—could have gone on for hours, I'm sure.

There have been two meetings with the Vietnamese so far. One took place at our camp, the other at the dedication of Ben Tre, a city of workers' homes just built which commemorates the South Vietnamese city which was leveled by the Americans. At least two other meetings are being scheduled, and a delegation of Vietnamese will be working in the fields with us during the week we arrive at our one million *arroba* quota.

The Cubans have such a strong sense of internationalism. Children we spoke to knew all about the struggle of the Vietnamese. One kid, six years old, explained to us how the victory of the people of Vietnam would be a victory for people's struggle throughout the world. All over the coun-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tryside are billboards reminding the *macheteros* that the crucial 1970 sugar harvest is dedicated to the people of Vietnam. A common poster has a drawing of a cane-cutter on one half and a Vietnamese soldier on the other. The caption reads *"Como en Vietnam."* This idea of billboards and signs is interesting. The first thing we saw when we landed at José Martí Airport in Havana was a gigantic (four or five stories) poster of Che, and next to it, one of Ho. All over the place are magnificent posters—right where some of our most garish advertisements would be. Office buildings in Havana have huge signs reading *"Patria o Muerte—Venceremos!"* or *"Hasta la Victoria Siempre."* Farmhouses have homemade murals of Che on their walls.

The news reports here show even Movement news service in the States to be truly for shit. There are zillions of important things happening all over the world every day that are never mentioned in our press—especially Latin American and Far Eastern news. Of course we all knew this before—but even the most skeptical of us never understood the degree to which everything is sifted, selected, distorted.

The reports here are fantastic—extensive, detailed coverage of even the smallest events in all countries. Radio broadcasts last for hours and offer not only good reportage but a lot of analysis. As a result, the general level of political consciousness here is something not to be believed. Farmers I meet on the road, who are busily picking up horseloads of cane leaves for their cows, stop to chat, and I find they know about the Panthers.

The Cuban press evidently thinks we're really hot shit. Cartoons about us appear in every issue of *Palante,* the humor mag; *Granma,* the official party organ, covers our daily activities, as does *Juventud Rebelde,* the newspaper of the Young Communists. *Bohemia,* a weekly magazine, runs specials on us frequently, and Santiago Alvarez, the most active Cuban filmmaker, has put together a beautiful documentary about us in which we appear dedicated, earnest, clear-eyed, forthright, revolutionary, fun-loving (but intense), suffused with the light of New Socialist Man, etc.

By the way, the films of Santiago Alvarez and Umberto Solas are, without exception, the finest films I have ever seen. Some of them I think are shown in New York through Newsreel: *Cerro Pelado, Hanoi 13, 79 Springtimes* (about Ho), *Manuela* and *Lucia.*

The physical beauty of Cuba keeps my mouth hanging open most of the time. When we walk to work (or ride in open trucks) in the morning, the sun is just coming up—a pink and purple sunrise—brilliant—on one side of the sky, and a pale moon on the other. There is always a complete, unobstructed dome of sky visible—360° of horizon—every inch of it beautiful, with silhouetted mountains, cane, and giant palm trees. At midday, everythings looks psychedelic—all colors blink and twinkle and vibrate, the sun's so bright. It's very trippy—possible to see minute details at great distances. The air is so clear, so clean, that we sometimes feel drunk on it. Sunsets are almost unreal: a whole sky full of purple, gold and scarlet. In damp weather, the trees and the fields have this deep, womby, wonderful smell. The trees at the camp are strange and enormous. A gigantic tree overhangs our open showers—it has huge, floaty leaves shaped like this [ ] that drift slowly down and stick to us while we wash.

The place is full of little animals: chameleons, tiny mice, piglets, puppies. I'm so happy here that I can hardly stand it. One day in the fields I looked down and found a little revolutionary frog on my boot.

Today is Sunday, January 11. We always have great Sundays, after the week's work. This morning we visited the old Dupont mansion, which has been used as a restaurant since the revolution. What a place the slob lived in. Off the pig! When I get home, think I'll write him a thank you note—for donating the old homestead to The People. Do you know what he once did? Built a waterworks, then *sold* water, by the gallon, to the poor townspeople in the surrounding area. Another practice was to parcel out little pieces of his gigantic estate to wealthy Cubans at exorbitant prices. Later in the day we went swimming and had dinner at the Internacional at Veradera. What an experience. Walking on the beach we met some technicians from East Germany, a Cuban busdriver and his family, and some typists from Havana. Before the revolution, only *the* fattest of fat cats could have come anywhere near the place—rooms averaged $300 for two nights, with meals and drinks just as ludicrous. What a delight to look around and see all of us there. Christ, it had been too cold to shower for three days and most of us hadn't even taken off our clothes for that long—there we were, smelly, in work shirts, dungarees, sweatshirts, bare feet, etc., dining in style at what had once been a bastion of pig hegemony.

Some of us are having a little trouble realigning our ideas about what constitutes bourgeois culture. When we first arrived at this hotel, for instance, we instinctively shrank from the opulence of the place—such bathhouses and mosaics, furniture, vases, chandeliers—but it's important for us to overcome this. The people deserve the best. Nothing is bourgeois by virtue of its physical composition—things are bourgeois through the intentions surrounding their use and ownership. When railroad workers and bus drivers walk on marble floors with their kids, there's nothing that makes those floors or chandeliers or silverware less than totally revolutionary.

The atmosphere is constantly and totally political among the Norteamericanos and Cubanos in the camp. But this kind of intense discussion somehow has become much more real, more important, people more tolerant, really listening, within the context of our witnessing the Cuban revolution. We've come up against some pretty heavy issues here which would take too long to go into. Struggling through these issues and living daily with some really good political people has educated me to my own liberalism.

We've made friends with Reynaldo Castro, the work-hero and super *machetero* otherwise known as "The Human Combine." Our whole camp is peopled with remarkable Cubans who just happen to be absolutely typical. Anyone you sit next to at dinner can tell you stories about fighting in the Sierra Maestra at Moncada or at Playa Girón.

I'm trying to understand exactly why the political discussion that goes on here is different from that we know in the States. There is such enthusiasm and progress, involvement and general satisfaction among the people here that all of those old dreams that we had written off as being Utopian can be seen not as fantasies but as victims of our own pessimism—a whole fuckin' *country* full of Marxist-Leninist

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

revolutionary fighters!

The warmth and optimism of the Cubans transforms everything–my first experience with non-alienating labor, for instance, was a real mind-blower. For the Cubans, everything, all work, is for the people; therefore, every task is revolutionary, is important and must be done well. I never realized the extent to which work in the U.S. is oppressive. Work there literally crushes you with its meaninglessness. We're always ready for more activity here. The slightest excuse, day or night, generates some spontaneous music, lots of it, and we all dance around, singing, noisy. When the Cubans reached their first million tons of sugar at 4:00 one morning, everyone jumped out of bed for another incredible celebration. So much energy is released when you no longer carry someone else's brick on your head. After work, know what? We play volleyball and take karate lessons. All on about five hours sleep.

Children here are so totally great. Real people–fiercely intense, purposeful, responsible, full to the brim with the revolution. They literally *never* seem to cower–even when you first meet them. They step right up, no self-consciousness at all, with their eyes so healthy and bright, and talk to you so interestedly, directly. Kids in the U.S. seem confused, cluttered with so many pressures and fears and most of all, self-centered, by comparison.

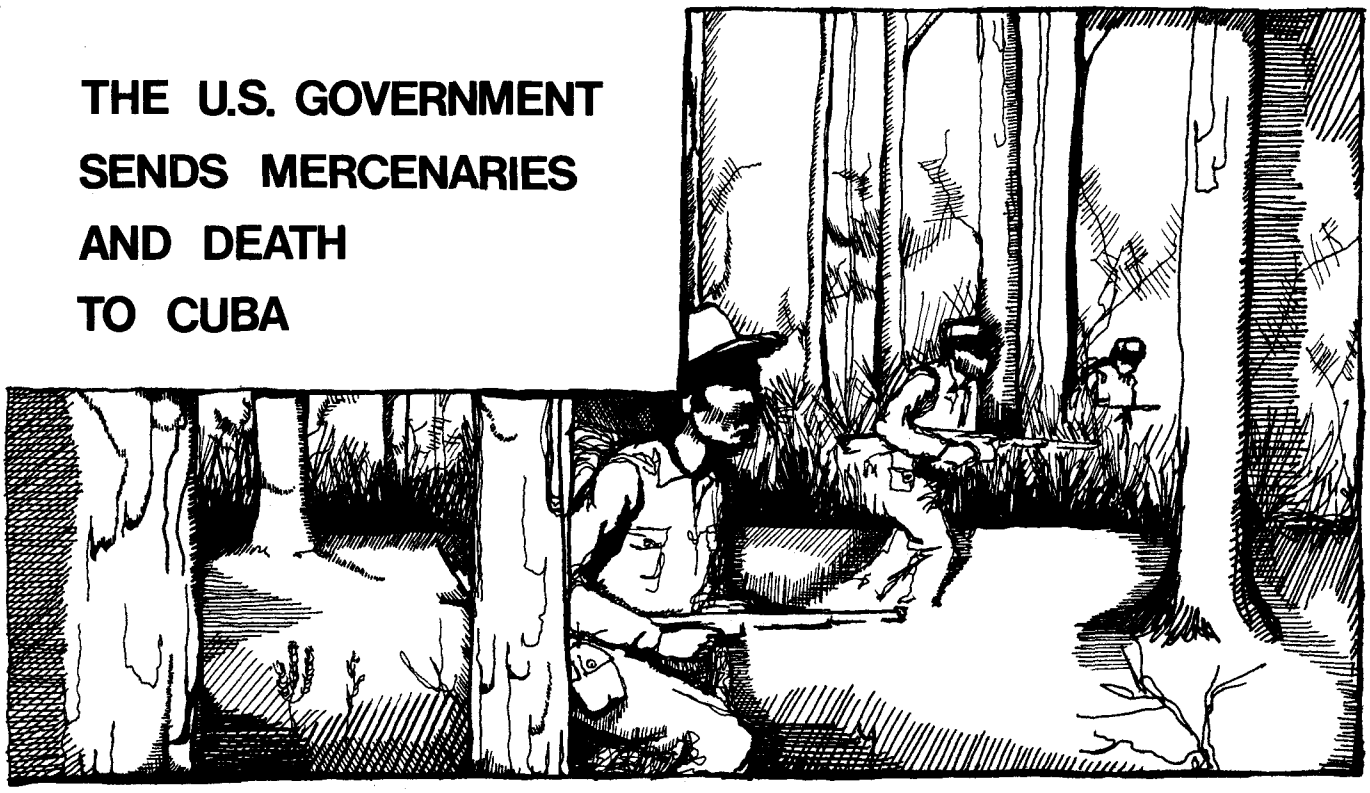
Just as a sidelight, there are 53 flavors of ice cream in Cuba, including tomato, prune and watermelon (with the seeds).

One time I was dumb enough to ask René, a Cuban, whether Moncada had been made into a museum or a memorial. "No," he said. "Out of every army barracks we made a school or a hospital."

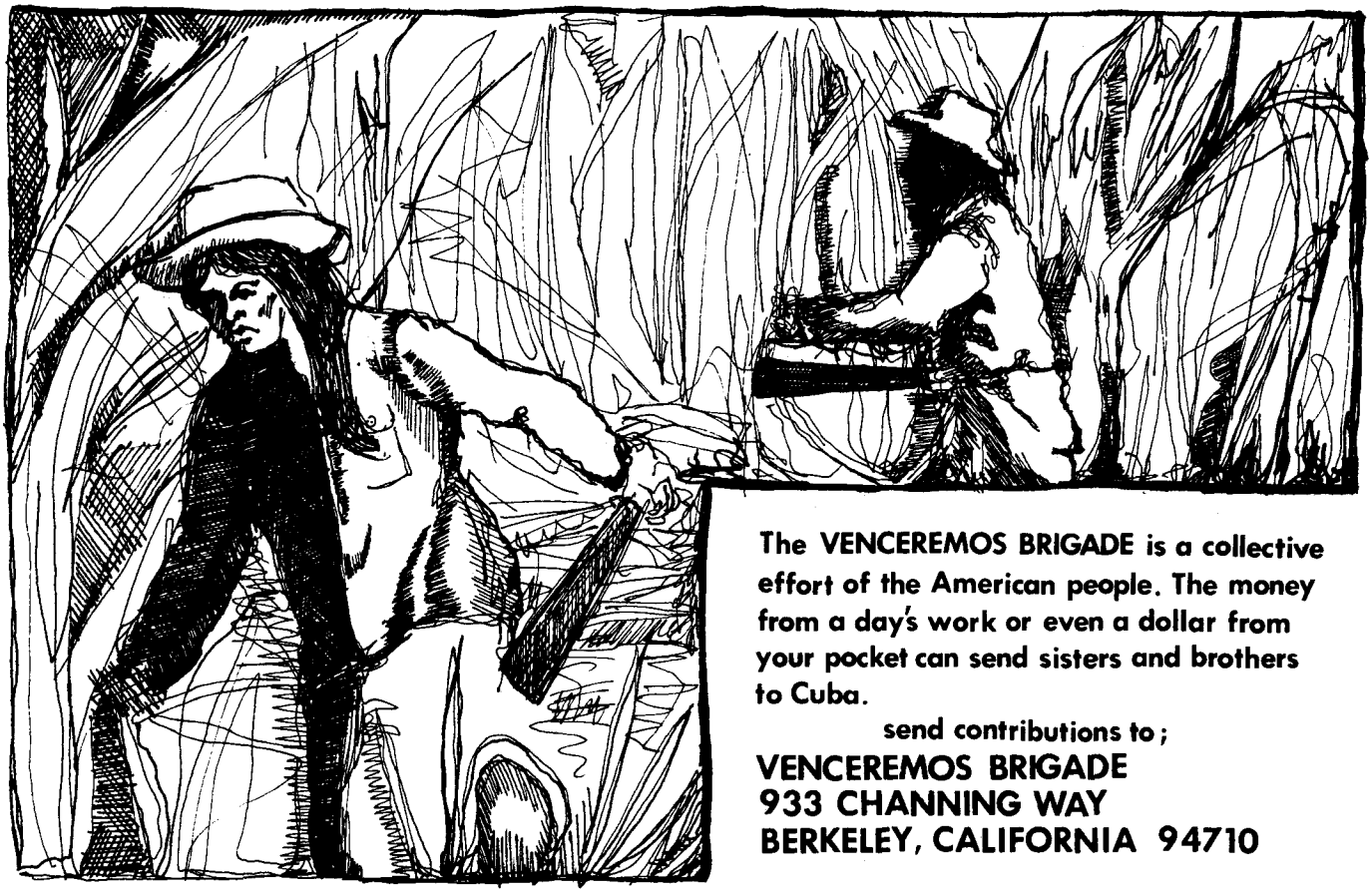
The idea of coming home is beginning to seem awfully odd because, I think, I feel as though I *am* home. What's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT SENDS MERCENARIES AND DEATH TO CUBA



¿WHAT ARE YOU SENDING?



The VENCEREMOS BRIGADE is a collective effort of the American people. The money from a day's work or even a dollar from your pocket can send sisters and brothers to Cuba.

send contributions to;

VENCEREMOS BRIGADE
933 CHANNING WAY
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA 94710

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happened is that for the first time I am almost perfectly miscible with my environment. I am not involved in a struggle to maintain or protect myself—it's not even necessary to constantly be aware of positioning or defining myself vis à vis the surroundings. The peacefulness that occurs when inner and outer environments are in harmony is what really gives one a sense of being "home." That's what we feel here—even in a context of struggle. Imagine what it would be like to teach in a university where the amount of responsibility relegated to you depended upon increases in your revolutionary political consciousness, upon your being an exemplary communist, upon your progress in developing revolutionary ideas and teaching methods. Think of what it would be like to know that your best work could be presented, contributed, without your prefacing it with a defense—that it would be criticized in a comradely way, wouldn't be misread, shut up, crossed out or co-opted, and, best of all, would be for the benefit of everyone—kids of *macheteros* and shoemakers and fishermen.

The Cuban idea of sophistication is drastically different from anything we've known in our country. There is no complexity that exists for its own sake or for the sake of elitism or mystification. Things here which achieve a high level of complexity evolve in that direction because the most concrete kind of sense demands it. Yet this doesn't imply any sort of starkness, harshness or lack of aesthetic sensitivity. Rather, it means that aesthetic qualities and functional qualities are merged in a way that produces good, solid items and ideas which totally lack frivolity or pomposity. The sense of *reality* or honesty with which we often try to imbue our objects, art, political analyses, etc. (and which we can really only feign), is totally assumed, natural and taken for granted here. One never doubts the validity of any highly developed schema because implicit in its design is its motive—service to the people. Bourgeois mystification has no value or place here.

As I said before, home is a place which reflects one's inner organization. The kind of eroding friction between self and environment which produces constant self-accusation is missing here. There is time for other things—namely, awareness of one another. This must be what Fidel means by "the death of alienation."

Think of what it means not to have seen a piece of money for two months. Or to have listened to factory workers talk excitedly and proudly about the number of hours of voluntary labor they had worked (collectively).

We're so attuned to the present here. It strikes me that everything in the States works toward directing us away from the present—to be sentimentally attached to old ways which hamper change, or to be so intent on fantasizing about the future patterns of our lives (all of the bourgeois "benefits" in store for us) that looking at present affairs or generally living in the present clearly, is prohibited. We sense that "now" is not benevolent, and therefore to look at it clearly and squarely would be (and *is*) painful and self-destructive. None of this is the case in Cuba: the present is not only benevolent—the struggle is exciting, absorbing and exquisite.

I've begun to understand something about the need for possessions. Within the Movement, people are somewhat detached from them because they subscribe to the aesthetics of functionality and because they want to define their separation from bourgeois culture. In Cuba, the basis for a non-obsessive attitude about personal possessions is entirely different. Life here has different qualities—achievable goals, safety, general feelings of being well taken care of, the knowledge that personal evaluations will not be founded on number or quality of things owned. There is no need for the people to insulate themselves from their environment by ensconcing themselves in their possessions. The same things which enable the Cubans to be a people who really live in the present are what makes this communist attitude toward possessions possible. They need neither compensation for, nor protection from, a harsh environment like the one we know.

There is no radical art in the U.S. Our art is still, by association, in the bourgeois stage. Our "radical" art comes off either as a parody of bourgeois life or as a repudiation of it. There is no comparison, for instance, between the Living Theatre and the Cuban Folklore Theatre. The one is an elite group, self-consciously anti-establishment (same for people like Godard or Oldenburg, certainly), the other is about Cuba, simply. And as for being a turn-on—Jesus, you'd be out of your fuckin' *head* over the Folklore Theatre. The group is made up of tobacco, textile and agricultural workers who put together these shows in their spare time. At the end of their performance, the entire crowd of us—performers, the directors of the camp, all the compañeros—surged out in a happy, dancing, hugging, silly, singing herd with this tremendous, overwhelming group energy—them with their amazing costumes—and grabbing on to everyone we stamped and yelled and improvised our way around the entire camp—people banging on all kinds of things: empty boxes, drums, spoons, bottles, anything.

A lot of work needs to be done before we can develop any understanding of the context in which experience occurs. How daily concerns like paying rent, buying food and clothing, etc., mean something for our consciousness. What the way we spend our time and the things we do mean for our lives and the way we see life. When we are not occupied with these things, what does this process mean we are ready and able to do with free time. What does revolutionary consciousness really mean in terms of the way people actually live on a daily basis.

What I'm really saying, I guess, is that we need to write a Marxist phenomenology. There's been so much to learn here—my former level of political consciousness was so feeble—what back-seat drivers we are within the Movement. We've only *played* with the idea of change.

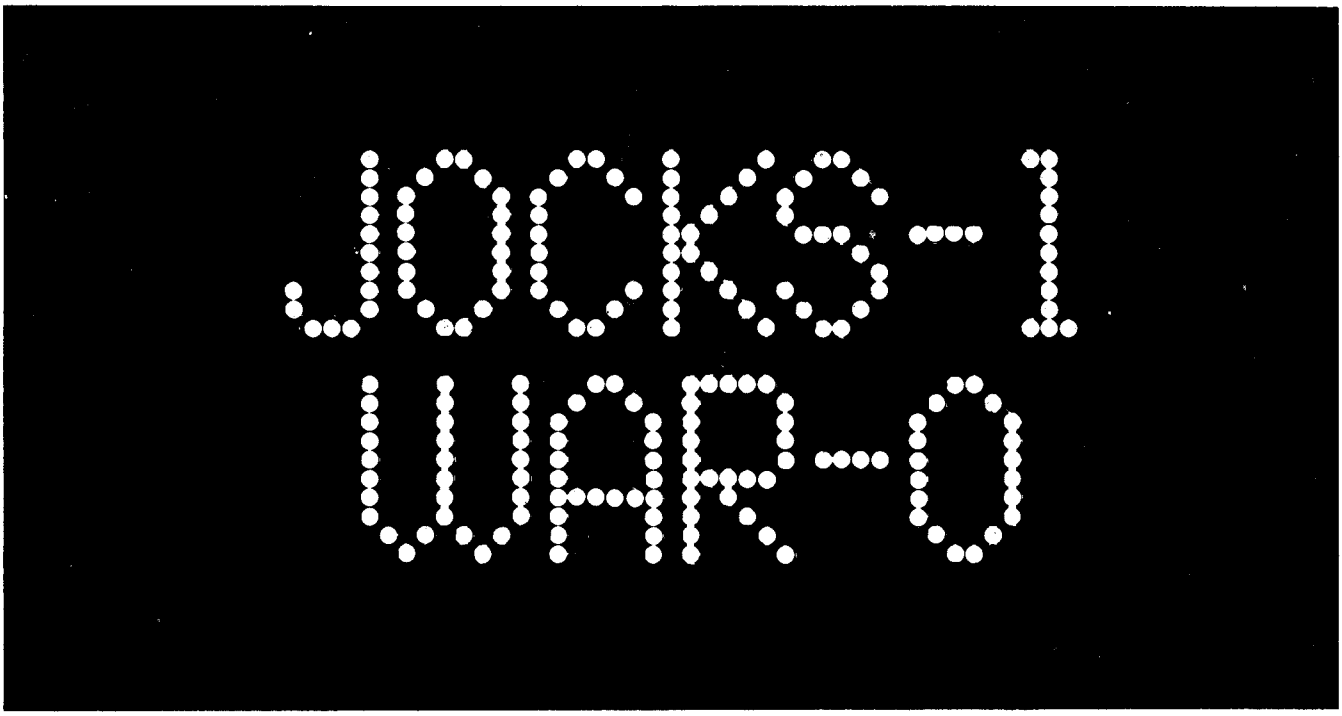
I can imagine what you would be if you were here. You'd be so totally turned on—dying of emotional overkill from digging every single thing. Some days I almost wish I'd find some dirt under the rug to balance things out. But no—in its continuing struggle, the revolution is consistently beautiful.

Be back mid-February.

Love, Chris

Chris Camarano wrote this letter while in the first Venceremos Brigade. She is currently organizing high school students in the New York area.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DESPITE THE ESCALATIONS in activism on the Berkeley campus since the Free Speech Movement in 1964, one group—the Cal jocks—has remained steadfastly isolated from the student movement. Until recently, the Athletic Department was able to proclaim proudly that theirs was the one remaining bastion of patriotism at Berkeley; and they always looked the other way when their football stars became involved in demonstrations as goon squads beating up left-wingers.

The Athletic Department staff is physically, as well as politically, removed from the campus community. On the walls of the elevator that takes you up to their offices on the fourth floor of the Cal student office building are the slogans you would expect to find: "Free Bobby"; "Riot on!"; "Judge Hoffman Is a Geritol Freak." But when you step out onto the fourth floor, it's like suddenly entering a 1950 movie set. The first thing you see is a line-up of photographs of formidable-looking Golden Bear Gridiron Greats. Then there are the coaches. With one or two exceptions, they are cut uniformly from the John Wayne mold—open-faced and square of jaw—and you can tell by looking at them that they pride themselves on their firm handshakes. Head football coach Ray Willsey, for instance, still believes that everyone on campus is concerned about Cal's chances of making it to the Rose Bowl. And Paul Brechler, the athletic director, is trying hard to stop referring to Cal's black athletes as "colored boys," although he sometimes slips up. Talking to a group of students at the School of Education last year, Brechler responded to a question from a black graduate student about why he seemed so fond of one particular black football player. "I like John because he's always laughing and grinning," Brechler told the startled student, "and that's the kind of colored boy I like." Not surprisingly, it was before an athletic boosters' banquet composed of this kind of man that Thomas Foran was given a standing ovation when he attacked members of the Chicago Eight as being a "bunch of freaking fags."

IT WAS IN THIS ATMOSPHERE that I began teaching a course in the School of Education last quarter. The course was titled, "Intercollegiate Athletics and Higher Education: A Socio-Psychological Evaluation," and because it allowed jocks to articulate latent dissatisfaction, it quickly became something of a *cause célèbre*. Because they already regarded me as the worst kind of turncoat—a jock who had gone over to the radical cause—the Cal Athletic Department was suspicious from the beginning, especially when it became clear that an important purpose of the course was to explore the myths about athletes that the department worked full-time to create.

Approximately 400 students, over 100 of whom were athletes, had enrolled in the course by the second week. During the first lecture, I discussed my involvement in athletics and politics and told the class that although I could not be impartial myself, I would try to examine significant issues in the athletic world by opening the class to whoever cared to attend, including members of the Athletic Department. I invited guest lecturers ranging from Harry Edwards and pro football's recently retired radical Dave Meggyesy, to conservative spokesmen in the athletic world such as Payton Jordan, 1968 U.S. Olympic track and field coach, and California State Superintendent of Public Instruction (and unsuccessful 1968 senatorial candidate) Max Rafferty, once a highly successful high school football coach who still gives speeches on the character-building value of athletics. Jordan and Rafferty, along with Cal's football coach Ray Willsey (who said he was too busy recruiting high school football prospects), turned down my invitation, and therefore the tone of the course was given by liberal/radicals who spoke of the corruption in the world of athletes and of

by Jack Scott

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the measures needed to humanize it.

One of the most significant aspects of the course was that an environment was created in which athletes could begin to examine the role they were forced to play and the implications of being "jocks." We discussed the effect their participation in sports had on their personal development and on society. The course was very emotional at times, especially because many of the athletes were beginning for the first time to question what was happening to them. The racism that is rampant in athletics was examined throughout the course, and for the first time many of the white athletes began to come to terms with the problems their black teammates encounter.

Toward the end of the quarter I realized that many athletes had changed their attitudes toward their own involvement in sports and toward the role of athletics within the university. But I did not know if these changes would ever be reflected in their behavior. I was still pondering the impact of the course when Nixon announced he had sent U.S. troops into Cambodia.

Within a few days the campus was topsy-turvy in a fury of anti-war activity, and on May 11, students, employees and faculty members jammed into mammoth Harmon Gymnasium for a mass rally. Over 10,000 people—the largest crowd ever to fill the gym—turned out. The bleachers were packed tightly and people were sitting on the basketball court, in the press box, and standing in the aisles. Hundreds of people were outside, unable to get in because of the overflow crowd. The meeting began with speeches by Tom Hayden and John Turner, a member of the campus Black Student Union. It then settled down to a discussion and finally a vote on the course of action the university community should take in response to the national and international turmoil created by the Nixon administration.

During the rally three Cal athletes wearing their letterman jackets were seated near me in the balcony of the gym. When they got up and walked out after the third or fourth speech, I heard the person next to me say, "Well, I guess it's time for practice. What's wrong with those guys? Doesn't anything affect them?" His friend whispered to him to be quiet, obviously fearing the jocks might come over and beat up on them.

I imagine that these sentiments were echoed throughout the crowd, since well over a hundred other Cal athletes were leaving the rally at about the same time. But people should have noticed the change in the athletes' appearance. Despite the objection of the athletic director and some coaches, many of those leaving the meeting had long hair and beards or mustaches and were wearing strike buttons and black armbands. Nor were they going to practice; rather, they were on their way to a general meeting of all athletes to discuss what action they as a group could take against the government's Southeast Asia policy. This was one day when athletic business did not take place as usual.

THIS MEETING WAS FIRST suggested by Randy Smyth, a sports columnist for the school newspaper, The Daily Californian. Randy, an All-American football player in junior college and later a University of California record-holder in track and field, is a graduate student and was an unofficial assistant in the course I had taught. He was regularly involved in radical activities on campus and during last year's People's Park struggle he was arrested for assaulting a police officer. His long hair and political activism constantly got him in trouble with his coaches while he was competing, and now most coaches refuse to talk to him.

From his extensive contact with Cal athletes, Randy felt they were ready to take some kind of stand against the war if they could just be gotten together in a group. He arranged a preliminary meeting between myself, the Daily Californian sports editor and five or six Cal athletes who he knew were strongly opposed to the war. Given the climate on campuses throughout the country, we all agreed that it was the ideal time to attempt to get Cal athletes to take the first steps that would lead to involvement in the student movement.

The meeting was announced in the sports pages of the school paper, and the sports editor helped to stimulate interest by running interviews with prominent Cal athletes who were angered and upset by the Cambodian invasion. Much to everyone's amazement, including those of us who organized the meeting, over 150 athletes, along with a worried athletic director and a few coaches, showed up. Mike Fletcher, captain of the crew team, and John Sanford, a black football player, ran the meeting. They both were openly opposed to the Cambodian invasion and the war and gave short talks in which they stressed the need for athletes to take a united stand. Mike Mohler, a former football player, spoke about the polarization between athletes and the general student body and urged the athletes to unite with their fellow students in opposition to the war.

Once it became clear that the overwhelming majority of athletes present was opposed to the war, the meeting turned to a discussion of how they could best express their dissent. They agreed with the campus sentiment that "business should not go on as usual," but were divided on the question of whether or not to continue practicing and competing. Those opposed to competing felt that since athletics was the most visible part of the university, the only way they could show that business was not as usual with them was by refusing to compete, devoting the time normally spent on athletics to anti-war activities. They also felt that their willingness to give up athletics temporarily would emphasize the seriousness of their commitment. Others argued that they should capitalize on their visibility by continuing to compete but making their position known by wearing symbols of protest on their uniforms. There were other suggestions that the group sign petitions and issue public statements in opposition to the war. Paul Brechler, the athletic director, also spoke out, but from a different viewpoint. "I've been in a couple of wars," he said, "and nobody likes war, but I wouldn't want to see you mix up college athletics with the war."

The question of whether or not to compete was a difficult one for the whole group to handle, since not all sports were currently involved in competition. For instance, the basketball players, whose season was over, felt they had no right to vote on whether or not the track athletes should compete for the rest of their season. The athletes therefore broke up into groups according to their sport and debated what action to take as a team. After about half an hour of

Illustration by Wayne Brown

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

debate, the meeting reconvened. Steve Sawin, a student who had never before been involved in any form of protest activity, served as the spokesman for the football team. Sawin told the group that the football team had decided to skip the rest of spring practice and involve themselves in some type of anti-war activity. He also added that the football players would attempt to protect any striking athlete from possible reprisals. The wrestling team voted to boycott the National AAU wrestling championships, and all other teams (except the baseball team) issued statements condemning the war and asking for withdrawal of all U.S. troops from Southeast Asia. The track and field and tennis teams, which were to compete in Los Angeles over the weekend, indicated they would use black armbands, clenched fists and other symbols of protest while competing.

PAUL BRECHLER, WHO admits he would not have taken the athletic director's job a few years ago if he had known what it was going to be like at Cal, talked with me after the meeting. "I just don't know what is going on. If this issue is settled, there will just be another one in the fall." I asked him how he felt about the possibility of Cal athletes wearing symbols of protest while competing. "We have a hundred-year-old tradition of what is the standard Cal uniform," he told me, "and I'd be personally embarrassed if the boys wore black armbands or black legbands or anything like that. I can't see what it will accomplish. The next thing you know, they'll want to wear shirts saying 'Blake's Bakery.' " He did emphasize that athletes have the right to speak out as individuals, but that their protest should in no way enter the sports world.

Television crews, photographers and sportswriters crowded into a small conference room in the Athletic Department the following afternoon to attend a press conference called by the athletes. Ray Willsey, the head football coach, sat at a table, flanked by two football players and three other prominent Cal athletes. Willsey was there in his capacity as assistant athletic director, since Brechler had left Berkeley that morning to attend a meeting in Los Angeles.

The football players announced that they had decided to resume practicing after having a number of meetings with Coach Willsey since the previous afternoon. Willsey did not directly threaten the football players at these meetings. He stressed the importance of spring practice and then simply asked them individually to explain to the coaching staff their reasons for wanting to skip the final five days of spring ball. Regrettably—though quite understandably—most of the football players were not able to tell Coach Willsey that they were more concerned about the war than about spring football practice. They well know what the consequences would be with regard to their football careers under Willsey if they ever made such a statement.

But they, along with the athletes from all the other Cal teams, did issue the following statement signed by the United Athletes of the University of California:

> We, the overwhelming majority of California athletes, find that we can no longer live in the so-called "apolitical atmosphere" which has permeated the athletic community. We find it necessary now to voice our opposition to President Nixon's oppressive policies at home and abroad. We condemn United States activity in Southeast Asia and call for a unilateral withdrawal of all United States forces in Southeast Asia. Furthermore, we call for a reconstitution of American universities as centers against the war.

Whatever fire the football players had lost was made up for by the remarks of Bob McLennon, captain of the track and field team, and Mike Mullan of the tennis team. The bearded McLennon, who is active in student government, told the press that the Nixon-ordered invasion of Cambodia was a betrayal of the trust the American people had placed in the President. He spoke in support of efforts being made to reconstitute the university as a center for anti-war activities and emphasized, "The university will not return to normal until the war is ended." Mullan, speaking for the tennis team, condemned "the genocidal war in Southeast Asia" and said that the tennis players would wear shirts with anti-war slogans in place of their regular uniforms in a match scheduled for that weekend in Los Angeles.

THIS OUTBURST AT CAL has calmed down now, but things have not returned to normal. They probably never will. Berkeley athletes struck another blow at the stereotype of the dumb, crew-cut, mumbling jock. Their acts were not isolated, but were part of the simmering revolt that increasingly characterizes college athletics throughout the country. Scores of college athlete have joined the student movement, not as fellow travelers temporarily caught up in the emotional momentum of anti-war activity, but as committed strugglers alongside their fellow students.

At the 36th Annual Heptagonal Track and Field championships at Yale this spring, the captains and representatives of the eight Ivy League schools in the ten-school Games Association issued such a strong political statement shortly before the meet was to begin that the Army and Navy teams withdrew, only moments before the first event. The statement not only condemned the war but spoke out against "the repression of the Black Panther Party and people of radical disposition in general." They further declared, "As athletes and track men, we understand that our sport is not and must never become a hideout from our basic responsibilities as human beings." This statement was issued by those athletes who chose to compete, but 45 other top Ivy League track athletes, including Harvard's star miler, Royce Shaw, registered their protest by boycotting the meet entirely.

Even if the coaches and athletic departments throughout the country cannot understand the tremors shaking the sports world, the implications of those tremors have not escaped the nation's number-one sports fan in Washington, D.C. During the height of the protest against Cambodia, a spokesman for the Nixon administration commented, "Once we heard that the athletes and pom-pom girls had joined the demonstrations, we knew we were in trouble."

Jack Scott writes frequently on contemporary trends in sports. He is the author of Athletics for Athletes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Abortion Reform: The New Tokenism

[I] ABORTION LAW REPEAL (SORT OF): A WARNING TO WOMEN

ONE OF THE FEW THINGS everyone in the women's movement seems to agree on is that we have to get rid of the abortion laws and make sure that any woman who wants an abortion can get one. We all recognize how basic this demand is; it sounds like a pretty clear and simple demand, too—hard to achieve, of course, but obviously a fundamental right just like any other method of birth control.

But just because it *sounds* so simple and so obvious and is such a great point of unity, a lot of us haven't looked below the surface of the abortion fight and seen how complicated it may be to get what we want. The most important thing feminists have done and have to keep doing is to insist that the basic reason for repealing the laws and making abortions available is JUSTICE: women's right to abortion.

Everyone recognizes the cruder forms of opposition to abortion traditionally used by the forces of sexism and religious reaction. But a feminist philosophy must be able to deal with *all* the stumbling blocks that keep us from reaching our goal, and must develop a consciousness about the far more subtle dangers we face from many who honestly believe they are our friends.

* * *

The abortion issue is one of the few issues vital to the women's movement that well-meaning people outside the movement were dealing with on an organized basis even before the new feminism began to explode a couple of years ago. Many people were involved with the earlier issue of abortion law "reform"—and are in the abortion movement today—for very good reasons; they are concerned with important issues like the public health problem presented by illegal abortions, the doctor's right to offer patients good medical care, the suffering of unwanted children and unhappy families, and the burgeoning of our population at a rate too high for *any* economic system to handle.

BUT ALL THESE GOOD REASONS are, in the final analysis, based on simple expediency. Such reasons are peripheral to the central rationale for making abortion available: justice for women. And unless a well-thought-out feminism underlies the dedication of these people, they will accept all kinds of token gains from legislators and judges and the medical establishment in the name of "getting something done NOW"—never mind what that is, or how much it cuts the chances for real changes later by lulling the public into a false sense of accomplishment.

In our disgust with the extreme oppression women experience under the present abortion laws, many of us are understandably tempted to accept insulting token changes that we would angrily shout down if they were offered to us in any other field of the struggle for women's liberation. We've waited so long for anything to happen that when we see our demands having any effect at all we're sorely tempted to convince ourselves that everything that sounds good in the short run will turn out to be good for women in the long run. But of course it is the women's movement whose demand for *repeal*—rather than "reform"—of the abortion laws has spurred the general acceleration in the abortion movement and its influence. Unfortunately, and ironically, the very rapidity of the change for which we are responsible is threatening to bring us to the point where we are offered something so close to what we want that our demands for true radical change may never be achieved. The choice is up to us: we must subject every proposal for change and every tactic to the clearest feminist scrutiny, demand only what is good for *all* women, and not let some of us be bought off at the expense of the rest.

Most of us recognize that "reforms" of the old rape-incest-fetal deformity variety are not in women's interest and in fact, in their very specificity, are almost more of an insult to our dignity as active, self-determining humans than are the old laws that simply forbid us to have abortions unless we are about to die. But the *new* reform legislation now being proposed all over the country is not in our interest either: it looks pretty good, and the improvements it seems to promise (at least for middle-class women) are almost irresistible to those who haven't informed themselves about the complexities of the abortion situation or developed a feminist critique of abortion that goes beyond "it's our right." And the courts are now handing down decisions that look good at a glance but that contain the same restrictions as the legislation.

All of the restrictions are of the kind that would be extremely difficult to get judges and legislators to throw out later (unlike the obvious grotesqueries in the old "reform" laws, which are already being challenged successfully in some courts and legislatures). A lot of people are being seriously misled because the legislation and the court decisions that incorporate these insidious limitations are being called

by Lucinda Cisler

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abortion law "repeal" by the media. But it seems pretty clear that when you repeal an abortion law you just get rid of it; you do not put things back into the statutes or make special rules that apply to abortion but not to other medical procedures.

The following are the four major restrictions that have been cropping up lately in "repeal" bills, and some highly condensed reasons why feminists (and indeed anyone) must oppose them. No one can say for sure whether sexist ill-will, political horse-trading, or simple ignorance played the largest part in the lawmakers' decisions to include them, but all of them codify outmoded notions about medical technology, religion, or women's "role":

1. Abortions may only be performed in licensed hospitals. Abortion is almost always a simple procedure that can be carried out in a clinic or a doctor's office. Most women do need a place to lie down and rest for a while after a D&C or even a vacuum aspiration abortion, but they hardly need to occupy scarce hospital beds and go through all the hospital rigmarole that ties up the woman's money and the time of overworked staff people.

Hospital boards are extremely conservative and have always wanted to minimize the number of abortions performed within their walls: the "abortion committees" we now have were not invented by lawmakers but by hospital administrators. New laws that insure a hospital monopoly will hardly change this attitude. (The same committees regulate which women will be able to get the sterilizations they seek—even though voluntary sterilization is perfectly legal in all but one or two states.) The hospitals and accreditation agencies set up their own controls on who will get medical care, and doctors who want to retain their attending status are quite careful not to do "too many" abortions or sterilizations.

Hawaii's new law has this kind of restriction, and hospitals there are already busy setting up a new catechism of "guidelines," none of which insure that women will get more abortions and all of which insure that they will have to ask a lot of strangers for "permission" before they are allowed to spend the considerable amount of money that hospitalization inevitably costs. Maryland's recent bill and the legislation and "guidelines" proposed in several other states—like New York—contain the same provisions that essentially shift the locus of control over women's decisions from the state to the hospital bureaucracies and their quasi-legal "regulations."

2. Abortions may only be performed by licensed physicians. This restriction sounds almost reasonable to most women who have always been fairly healthy and fairly prosperous, who are caught up in the medical mystique so many doctors have cultivated, and who accept the myth that abortion is incredibly risky and thus should cost a lot. But it is one of the most insidious restrictions of all, and is most oppressive to poor women.

Most doctors are not at all interested in performing abortions: even the ones who don't think it's dirty and who favor increasing the availability of abortion generally consider it a pretty boring procedure that they don't especially want to do. One reason they do find it tedious is that it is basically quite a simple operation, especially when the new vacuum aspiration technique is used, rather than the old dilation and curettage. The physicians who would like to see paramedical specialists trained to perform abortions with the aspirator (or who would like to perfect other promising new methods, such as hormone injections) would be completely thwarted by this restriction in their desire to provide efficient, inexpensive care on a mass basis. The general crisis in the medical delivery system in fact demands that paramedical people be trained to do a great many things that physicians do now.

If physicians themselves were to try to perform all the abortions that are needed, they would be swamped with requests and would have to charge a great deal for their specialized training. Childbirth is statistically eight or ten times more dangerous than abortion, and yet nurses are now being trained as midwives in many medical centers. Why can't they and other medical personnel also be specially trained to use the aspirator so that five or six of them can perform clinic abortions under the general supervision of one physician? Only if paramedicals are allowed to do abortions can we expect to have truly inexpensive (and eventually free) abortions available to all women.

In the fall of 1969 a Washington, D.C., court threw out the District's limitations on a doctor's right to perform abortions—but upheld the conviction of the doctor's paramedical aide who said she had wanted to help poor women. Anyone who knows what the present situation is in D.C. will know that abortion is *not* readily available when its performance is limited to doctors only. The public hospital where poor women go had to be forced by court order to provide this service; private hospitals that serve middle-class women still operate restrictively and charge a lot; a few doctors willing to brave the stigma of being "abortionists" are performing abortions in their offices for $300 or so. Although they work long hours, they are inundated with patients (one has a backlog of five weeks).

Some women insist that because *they* would prefer to go to a doctor, *all* women must be compelled by law to go to one. It is each woman's right to choose to spend $300 for an abortion from a doctor, but she is obviously oppressing other women when she insists that all must do as she does. An abortion performed by a paramedical person with special training in a given modern procedure could easily, in fact, be safer than a D&C performed by a physician who hasn't done many abortions before.

In any case, it is only when doctors have the right to train the people they need to help them meet the demand, and women have the right to get medical care at a price they can afford, that butchers and quacks will be put out of business. Existing medical practice codes provide for the punishment of quacks, but as long as poor women cannot find good abortions at a price they can pay, so long will butchers elude the law and women continue to die from their ministrations—as they still do in states that have "reform."

Looking not so far into the future, this restriction would also deny women themselves the right to use self-abortifacients when they are developed—and who is to say they will not be developed soon? The laws regulating contraception that still exist in 31 states were made before contraceptive foam was invented, at a time when all effective female

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contraception involved a visit to the doctor. That visit was frozen into a legal requirement in some states, and we still have the sad and ludicrous example of Massachusetts, where non-prescriptive foam cannot legally be bought without a prescription.

The "doctors only" clause is a favorite in legislation that masquerades as repeal. Hawaii, Maryland, Washington State and New York are among the important states where this restriction was (rather quietly) included.

3. Abortions may not be performed beyond a certain time in pregnancy, unless the woman's life is at stake. Significantly enough, the magic time limit varies from bill to bill, from court decision to court decision, but this kind of restriction essentially says two things to women: (a) at a certain stage, your body suddenly belongs to the state and it can force you to have a child, whatever your own reasons for wanting an abortion late in pregnancy; (b) because late abortion entails more risk than early abortion, the state must "protect" you, even if your considered decision is that you want to run that risk and your doctor is willing to help you. This restriction insults women in the same way the present "preservation-of-life" laws do: it assumes that we must be in a state of tutelage and cannot assume responsibility for our own acts.

Even many women's liberation writers are guilty of repeating the paternalistic explanation given to excuse the original passage of U.S. laws against abortion: in the 19th century abortion was more dangerous than childbirth, and women had to be protected against it. Was it somehow less dangerous in the 18th century? Were other kinds of surgery safe then? And, most important, weren't women wanting and getting abortions, even though they knew how much they were risking? "Protection" has often turned out to be but another means of control over the protected: labor law offers many examples. When childbirth becomes as safe as it should be, perhaps it will be safer than abortion: will we put back our abortion laws, to "protect women"?

And basically, of course, no one can ever know exactly when *any* stage of pregnancy is reached until birth itself. Conception can take place at any time within about three days of intercourse, so that any legal time limit reckoned from "conception" is meaningless because it cannot be determined precisely. All the talk about "quickening," "viability," and so on, is based on religious myths (if the woman believes in them, of course, she won't look for an abortion) or tied to ever-shifting technology (who knows how soon a three-day-old fertilized egg may be considered "viable" because heroic mechanical devices allow it to survive and grow outside the woman's uterus?). To listen to judges and legislators play with the ghostly arithmetic of months and weeks is to hear the music by which angels used to dance on the head of a pin.

There are many reasons why a woman might seek a late abortion, and she should be able to find one legally if she wants it. She may suddenly discover that she had German measles early in pregnancy and the fetus is deformed; she may have had a sudden mental breakdown; or some calamity may have changed the circumstances of her life: whatever her reasons, *she belongs to herself and not to the state.*

This limitation speaks to the hang-ups many people have, and it would be almost impossible to erase from a law once it were enacted—despite its possible Constitutional vulnerability on the grounds of vagueness. It is incorporated in New York State's amended abortion law, among many others, and in a recent Federal Court decision in Wisconsin that has been gravely misrepresented as judicial "repeal." The Washington, D.C., decision discussed the "issue" and concluded that Congress should probably enact new laws for different stages of pregnancy. This is not repeal; it is a last-ditch attempt at retaining a little of the state ownership of pregnant women provided for under the worst laws we have now.

4. Abortions may only be performed when the married woman's husband or the young single woman's parents give their consent. The feminist objection to vesting a veto power in anyone other than the pregnant woman is too obvious to need any elaboration. It is utterly fantastic, then, to hear that some women's liberation groups in Washington State have actually been *supporting* an abortion bill with a consent provision. Although such a debasing restriction is written into law in most of the states that have "reform," some legal writers consider it of such little consequence that they fail to mention it in otherwise accurate summaries of U.S. abortion laws.

This may be the easiest of these restrictions to challenge constitutionally, but why should we have to? Instead we could prevent its enactment and fight to eradicate the hospital regulations that frequently impose it even where the law does not.

* * *

ALL WOMEN ARE oppressed by the present abortion laws, by old-style "reforms" and by seductive new fake repeal bills and court decisions. But the possibility of fake repeal—if it becomes reality—is the most dangerous: it will divide women from each other. It can buy off most middle-class women and make them believe things have really changed, while it leaves poor women to suffer and keeps us all saddled with abortion laws for many more years to come. There are many nice people who would like to see abortion made more or less legal, but their reasons are fuzzy and their tactics acquiescent. Because no one else except the women's movement is going to cry out against these restrictions, it is up to feminists to make the strongest and most precise demands upon the lawmakers—who ostensibly exist to serve *us.* We will not accept insults and call them "steps in the right direction."

Only if we know what we *don't* want, and why, and say so over and over again, will we be able to recognize and reject all the clever plastic imitations of our goal.

Condensed from Notes (from the Second Year): Radical Feminism *(May 1970). Copyright 1970 by Lucinda Cisler.*

Lucinda Cisler is the president of New Yorkers for Abortion Law Repeal, which opposed the passage of New York's amended abortion law for the reasons she set forth in her article. She has been active in women's liberation for over two years and is the author of Women: A Bibliography.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[II] THE VICTIMS

The fact that more than one million women each year are still forced to seek illegal abortions is eloquent testimony to the failure of "liberalized" abortion laws to meet the needs of women. More eloquent, however, are the following interviews which reveal the brutality and degradation women are suffering for the "crime" of wanting to control their own bodies.

I got pregnant during the end of my senior year in high school. When I told Jim, he made it clear that he had no intention of giving up college to marry me and that I'd better get an abortion.

Is that what you wanted to do?
That was the first thing I thought of, but then I started thinking about the life growing in my body. . . . In the end, though, the thought of being an unwed mother was worse than the thought of an abortion, so I decided to try and get one.

Did you contact the abortionist?
Actually Jim was the one who found one. We grew up in a small town where the kids didn't even let on they were screwing, let alone know where to get abortions. There were only two doctors in our town and I didn't dare go to either of them: both were friends of my family and I knew the idea of an abortion would shock and repel them. Jim finally got a name from a guy he'd played against in a football game in Sacramento. Once he'd given me the phone number of the guy to contact, Jim said he'd fulfilled his obligations and the rest was up to me. He got a summer job in another town, and left.

How far along in your pregnancy were you?
I had missed two periods—I guess about eight or nine weeks. I had read somewhere that after eight weeks an abortion got more and more dangerous, and I was getting very frightened. I went to a pay phone and called the number in Sacramento. A man answered and I told him I wanted to make an appointment to come and see him. He laughed in a weird way and said, since when did anyone need an appointment to visit a bar. That really threw me and I almost hung up. Then he asked me if I had a "problem" I'd like to talk to him about—that he liked to help people with their problems. I told him I did want to talk to him and he said to come to the bar the next day. I told my parents I was going to take the bus to Sacramento to go shopping. . . .

Did your parents have any idea of what was happening?
No, and I was terrified that they would find out. I was sure they would have thrown me out and that my father would shoot Jim. My parents are very into their religion and it doesn't leave any room for the kind of "mistake" I had made. I was having terrible morning sickness, and when my mother began to notice, I started going into my bedroom closet every time I had to throw up. It was the only place I could go where no one would hear me.

What happened when you got to Sacramento?
I had a hard time finding the bar. It was in the skid row part of town, and I had to walk by the junkies and winos. By the time I found the bar, I was so frightened I was crying. I forced myself to go in, and sat on a stool. I sat there for a long time before the bartender came over. He asked me what I wanted and I told him I wanted to talk about my "problem." He really looked me over then. When he finished, he asked me how old my "problem" was. I told him, and he told me to come back to the bar that Saturday with $400 and he'd see that my "problem" was solved.

When I left the bar I felt so dirty and humiliated I didn't think I'd ever go back. But of course I did. The shame and guilt and fear about the abortion was still more bearable than the thought of facing my parents and that town as an unwed mother. It seems silly now; but for me, then, there really was no choice.

This time I took a taxi to the bar—I couldn't have faced walking those streets again. I sat at a table until the bar closed, and then the bartender came over and asked me if I had the money. I gave him the $400 I had saved for college. Then he took me to one of those third-rate hotels—it looked like the kind where rooms are rented by the hour. When we got up to the room, he told me to take off my clothes and get onto the bed. I asked him where the doctor was. He told me the doctor would be there in a few minutes but that I had to be "prepared" first. I told him I didn't want to get undressed in front of him, but he said if I didn't cooperate, I wouldn't get the abortion. So I got undressed and lay down on the bed. As soon as I lay down he came over to the bed and told me to spread my legs so he could make the preparations. The next thing I knew, that bastard had thrust as much of his hand as would fit into my vagina. I started screaming, and he slapped me hard across the face with his other hand. Then he covered my nose and mouth so I couldn't breathe and told me to shut up or he would rip my insides out. He took his hand out of my vagina, and all of a sudden he was raping me. I started screaming again, and he hit me and I fainted.

When I came to, there was another man bending over me. He had a rubber apron on over his T-shirt and a gauze mask over his face. I was so terrified I literally willed myself to die. When this man saw that I was conscious, he started calmly explaining what he was about to do. It was so unreal—he was acting as though the rape and beating had never happened. I finally got myself to ask him to please give me a shot to stop the pain. He told me I didn't need a shot, that all I had to do was pant when he inserted the instrument (I don't remember what he called it) and I wouldn't feel any pain. He was a real sadist. He stuck the instrument in very slowly—as though he was trying not to hurt me. All of a sudden he gave it a hard twist. The pain was excruciating and I passed out again . . . When I woke up, I was lying in a pool of blood.

Was the "doctor" still there?
Yes. He was sitting in a chair at the foot of the bed. We just

Photo copyright/Ruth Rosen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stared at each other for a while. Then I realized that I was numb from my waist down. That terrified me and sort of aroused me from my shock. My change of expression seemed to be a signal to the doctor, for he got up from his chair, came over and put his hand on my forehead, and told me that I had been hemorrhaging and that he had given me a shot. Then he started sort of crooning and rubbing my forehead. When his words finally started penetrating my numbness and fright, I realized he was telling me that the abortion hadn't worked, that I would have to go through everything again as soon as I recovered from the hemorrhaging. He pointed to a bottle of pills and told me to take one every four hours. He said I should stay in bed until I felt I could walk, and then go home. As he walked toward the door, he sort of turned and said something about I had been a bad girl but he would see me again anyway, and next time it would be free.

How long did you stay in the hotel?
I guess it was about 10 or 12 more hours. I couldn't stay longer or my parents would have wondered why I didn't come home. I tried to get up a couple of times, but each time I sat up I would start bleeding and would have to lie down again. I was still lying in all that blood—God, it was horrible. Finally, I was able to get up without bleeding, wash and get dressed. The bus ride home was a nightmare, but somehow I made it to my room and collapsed. . . .

I stayed in bed for two days, telling my mother that I was having bad menstrual cramps and keeping the room dark so she couldn't get a good look at me. I spent those two days thinking about what that instrument must have done to the fetus. I kept dreaming of malformed babies. . . . I was going crazy. Finally, I got up, got a piece of coathanger and sterilized it. Then I inserted it into my vagina and just kept pushing. . . .

My mother found me the next morning. I had aborted, but had almost bled to death. When they got me to the hospital, the doctors found that my uterus had been punctured and infected and had to be removed. I was 17 years old, and I would never have a baby.

How long ago did you have your abortion?
About two years ago.

Did your children know about it?
I talked about it thoroughly with the oldest one and the middle one.

Why did you decide to have an abortion?
I was facing the danger of having a deformed child. I had had two miscarriages before; the doctor had called them blighted ovums. I had a talk with him about this and I told him how I felt. I was 40. And somehow I felt it wasn't worth it to me if the baby was defective. It would have been a burden on all the other children. It's an expensive proposition and it would have been a very painful experience. I wasn't about to take the chance. The doctor would have been willing to prescribe a therapeutic abortion, but it would have had to go before a hospital board and there just wasn't time. I had waited so long considering and considering and considering. There wasn't time for the board to meet and make a decision. I would have been in my fourth month. I realized that I was taking quite a chance either way; I didn't know which was worse.

We finally decided to go ahead with an abortion out of the country, and I knew—I just knew—that there would be complications.

Did you have an appointment for the abortion?
Yes. It was all arranged. The man was a doctor. He had a degree from the University of Mexico. I got his name from an underground list of doctors who do abortions. I tried a number of them before I found this man—most of them had been cleaned out of Tijuana in May. They had an answering service in Tijuana and had to relay the call to Juarez. They would call you back and give you the information and you would say what you wanted to do. Then they drove you by a roundabout way to the clinic. It was pleasant and clean, but nothing was sterile. They didn't even put towels on the table—not even a paper towel.

That's something I wouldn't even have noticed.
Well, I was aware of it because I was in nurses' training and I know what sterile technique is.

It must have been terrifying to you then.
It was. I resigned myself at that point that I was going to have complications and that I would hurry back to my own doctor as soon as possible to be taken care of. If I had been in any kind of situation where I could have done something about what I saw, or even comment on it, I would have done so, but I was completely at the mercy of these people.

What was it that frightened you so much about it?
Well, as I said, the place was very clean but it was not sterile. They didn't even have a cover on the table. When the instruments are piled up and put in a bunch on the table they're not sterile. When the doctor does not wear gloves it's not sterile. And any time you have anything going directly into a sterile part of the body that's not sterile, there's a danger of infection. There was no anesthetic used, none whatsoever. It was a perfectly formed fetus and they had to cut it up inside so it was a pretty sticky thing.

How long did it last?
I went in Friday night. I was so far along that they had to dilate me, and the dilation took 12 hours. So from the time I came in till noon the next day, they dilated me. And they did not use an anesthetic. I was very uncomfortable. Apparently my blood pressure was very low and they would not take the chance (from their point of view) of giving me an anesthetic. The next day about noon they did the abortion and they made me rest about an hour and we stayed that night. I was exhausted. Well, part of the reason was because after it was all over we went on a walking tour of Juarez. And then we went to dinner and by that time I couldn't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even stand up anymore and I went to bed. The next morning we took the plane back and everything was fine–that was Sunday night–and Monday night I called the doctor. I told him what happened and asked if there was anything I could do. He said, "No, if there are any complications let me know." So everything was fine until that Wednesday. I don't remember what we were doing, but all of a sudden I was in a cold sweat and in tremendous pain. I called the doctor. I remember sitting on the table waiting for him to come in and I almost passed out. I had a massive infection, but it only lasted for a few days.

How much did this cost you?
Six hundred dollars.

When did you get pregnant?
I was 17 at the time. I was also a Catholic, a school leader and a frightened little girl. How could I possibly be pregnant? Everything had always gone as I'd planned. I was to graduate in two weeks and go on to college in the fall.

Certainly I couldn't tell my parents. There would be a quick and quiet shotgun wedding for sure–abortion wasn't even in their vocabulary. And to my friends I represented all those fine Catholic values: purity, honesty, goodness, etc. I was determined not to marry John, and I was even more determined not to lose face.

Did you think about having an abortion?
I had absolutely no contacts for abortion whatever. I'd heard of trying bars, but the second-hand tales of butchery and rape terrified me. As a fluke, I decided to see a doctor in one of the "looser" sections of the city. It was a lucky choice. Although his nurse eyed me disapprovingly, the doctor was very helpful. He said he would simply give me a few "shots" to make me start bleeding, and in three or four days I'd be back to my innocence. Seven days later I returned to his office; nothing had happened. He soothed me. "Well, sometimes it takes a stronger injection," he offered. And I waited another week.

The bleeding never came. And the little thing inside me was about eight weeks old by then. So on my third visit to him (I still hadn't learned), he examined me again. This time he began fondling my nipples and telling me that it was no wonder I was in that condition–I had such a lovely, firm, shapely body. I was afraid to leave, afraid to run–I needed his help so desperately. I just lay there while he continued stroking me and talked about the possibility of, for $600 or so, "making everything all better."

How did you get out of there?
Finally I regained some sense of control. I got up, dressed myself and told him that I'd think about it. But I knew I could never get that much money without compromising myself.

When I got outside, I barfed. I was disgusted with that horrible lecher inside, with men in general, with the round lump inside my belly, and most of all with myself. I barfed until even the phlegm was gone.

In September I began school as planned. I knew I'd have to do it myself. I rode horses, ran up and down stairs, jumped, climbed, twisted, shook; finally I began pounding.

I pounded my abdomen until it was bruised–first with my hands, then against bedposts, chair-backs, anything. But nothing worked. I starved myself until my body began to take on the look of an undernourished child with a distended stomach. Then I began begging John to hit me. But he wouldn't. I pleaded and sobbed until he gave in. He'd hit me hard with his fist, and his eyes would fill with tears, begging me not to ask so much. But I was determined to abort it, and he was going to help, goddamit–he was responsible too.

Did your parents have any idea of what was going on?
Well, by Thanksgiving I was five months pregnant. I was sure my friends suspected, but no one said a word. My fantasy of coming out of the mess unscathed remained unshaken until Christmas Eve. My mother couldn't take it any longer; she hysterically accused me and I denied everything. I still don't understand why she believed me, but she must have wanted to. And for the first time I faced reality. There I was, six months pregnant with a child which was certain to be deformed or brain-damaged, if born.

So what did you do–did you go back to school?
Yes, I returned to school after Christmas vacation more determined than ever to get this "thing" out of me. I began the beatings again. On the day of my first exam I went into labor. As I was leaving the classroom I felt a warm surge of water rush down my legs. At first I thought my bladder had collapsed from all the pounding and pummeling. Then I knew it was the sack that had broken.

Was John there to help you at all?
Yes, he drove me into the country. He tried to comfort me and persuade me to see a doctor, but I raved about how could he dare ask that of me when it was so close to being over. That night I stayed in the basement of the dorm, praying (I still prayed) that the pain wouldn't make me scream for help until John could take care of me again.

The following night the thing was born. And it let out a cry. A seven-month-old baby born in the parking lot of a men's dorm on a freezing January night.

I sneaked back into the dorm a few minutes before closing time, wrapped in a dirty car blanket to hide my blood-soaked clothing. I braced myself against the walls and worked my way up the four flights of stairs to my room.

The next day I asked what had happened to the little thing. And John said, "Don't worry, honey, I took care of it." I pressed him more, and he told me no one would ever find it. It was buried in cement at the bottom of a stream two hours' drive away.

And I couldn't even cry.

The first and third interviews were conducted by staff members at RAMPARTS. *The second interview, conducted by Susan Griffin, will appear in her forthcoming book.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUPE: Ripping off Ma Bell

THE SAN FRANCISCO MIME Troupe, with their Gutter Puppets and Gorilla Marching Band, seem to rove the countryside like a band of Happy Wanderers, putting on their pungent *actos* wherever there are people to watch them. Yet wherever they go—to parks, campuses and demonstrations around the country—their bawdy guerrilla theater runs into trouble with the local authorities. In 1965 the San Francisco Police Department busted the Mime Troupe for providing free entertainment in the public parks without a Ford Foundation grant. Over the years their road-show tours of jailhouses have included stops from Denver to Calgary.

The Mime Troupe is not one of those serious repertory theaters which torment us with such scathing satires of middle-class culture as *The Enemy of the People* and *Oh, Calcutta!* Instead, these theatrical loudmouths, refusing to retreat from the vanguard to the avant-garde, confine themselves to the cruder issues—the War in Vietnam, Racism, Male Chauvinism, Parking Meters and the Phone Company, adding new victims by the month.

The Mime Troupe has always skillfully employed the weapons of derision. With *Meter Maid,* first performed in 1968, the Troupe offered, in addition to Anti-Parking Meter propaganda (somewhat superfluous), a specific plan of attack: the Aluminum Tab-Top Strategy. The tear-shaped tab-tops are inserted in the meter in place of a coin, either priming the meter clock or rendering it out of order. Many manufacturers are still providing free parking along with their beer by fixing these handy meter tokens as a promotional gift on top of their flip-top aluminum cans.

Following their parking meter offensive, the Mime Troupe escalated their attack. They were not unreasonable about it. They had demanded the immediate, unilateral and non-negotiable withdrawal of all parking meters from the streets of the U.S.; or the establishment of aluminum tab-tops as legal currency for all debts, public and private. The first demand was rejected as posing a serious solid-waste disposal problem—unless the meters could be reconverted for peaceful uses (none of which was found). The second demand was turned down as potentially inflationary. Kaiser Industries, however, offered to recycle the tab-tops and will buy them from the public at 50 cents a bushel.

REBUFFED BY THE AUTHORITIES, the Mime Troupe struck back. *Meter Maid* was small potatoes. The Troupe's new play, staged on these pages for our readers, raised the ante from pennies-a-day to dollars-a-minute. The target of course is The (Bell) Telephone Company. Public opinion polls indicate that the general popularity of the phone company is somewhat less than that of the parking-meter industry. The new Mime Troupe entertainment, thus assured a good, hostile audience, is essentially educational. It describes a method for making up do-it-yourself telephone credit cards for use on station-to-station calls from phone booths. Telephone credit cards contain no styrofoam, being composed entirely of numbers, which you have seen nationally advertised on Sesame Street.

The phone company evidently surmised that this knowledge about their credit cards might be used to deny the company the rightful fruits of initiative, competence and financial risks. They hit the Mime Troupe for a couple of hundred dollars on somebody else's unauthorized credit card calls; they even threatened to remove the phone. When you go to jail, you are promised a phone call, but when the phone company goes after you, you are out of luck.

Currently, the company has rescinded its bill for want of plausible grounds to sustain it. And the Mime Troupe's phone, ominously numbered 431-1984, remains intact.

—DAVID KOLODNEY

The Mime Troupe is available for bookings in the Bay Area during the summer, and elsewhere during the winter. They may be contacted at 450 Alabama St., San Francisco 94110, phone (415) 431-1984 (no credit card calls accepted).

Photographs by John Peden

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[*Man dials Operator*]

May I help you?

Yes, operator, I'd like to place a long-distance call to Zap, North Dakota, station-to-station.

Please deposit three dollars and 95 cents.

Three dollars and 95 cents?

Yes, sir, for the first three minutes, sir.

But operator, I'm calling my Guru!

Your Guru, sir?

Yes, operator, he's very sick. And I don't have that kind of change.

Perhaps you could place the call from your home phone, sir.

I don't have a "home phone sir."

Would you care to reverse the charges?

That might kill him!

Oh, sir, don't you have a credit card?

A—credit card?

Yes, sir. Wtih a credit card you could place the call at your employer's expense.

I could?

Yes, sir. Suppose for example you worked for the Bank of America here in San Francisco. When the operator came on the line you would simply say, "Operator, I wish to make a credit card call. My credit card number is S-756-0400-158." And the call would go through without any further ado.

What was that code again, operator?

S as in Sabotage, 756-0400-158.

Thank you, and you are out of service.

This is a recording?

It's no use, Babs, we gotcha.

But how? . . . How?

We've had our eye on you for a long time, Babs—first it was just a bit of grass in the ladies' room on your breaks—now it's the big time, isn't it, Babs? The old story. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

All right, I don't care, I hate Pacific Telephone! Why do they get away with being a monopoly? Why don't they lower their rates instead of printing all those glossy brochures to send out with the phone bills? Who for God's sake needs a Princess Phone?

[Pulls gun on her] You're going to the Big House, Babs, for a long, long stretch.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[Gives Man karate chop and runs into audience] OK, everybody, the phone code goes like this: The credit cards are renewed annually and S is the code for 1970. The second part can be any number in the San Francisco phone book. I just picked Bank of America because they're such a big company — they'll never notice a little extra padding on their phone bill. Did you know that more than 10,000 false credit card calls were charged last year to the Dow Chemical Company alone?

All right, Babs, one more word and I'll blow your goddam head off.

The last part, 158, is the city code of San Francisco. So the code is really S — any number in the San Francisco phone book — 158. Always call from a pay phone — and always call station-to-station.

All right, Babs, take that [fires gun at her]. These goddam M-16s.

Because that way even if they catch on, there's nothing they can do — if the person you call is cool and just denies receiving the call. It's a bug in the system — and brothers and sisters, they can afford it.

OK, Babs, it's all over. There's only one problem with your little scheme. Why take it out on the innocent public-spirited companies like Dow, United Fruit, Levi-Strauss?

Because they're imperialist lackey running dogs and we should screw them whenever we get the chance!

Hey, wait a minute, you're not gonna claim to be one of those political prisoners, are you?

Sure, why not? In Cuba the phones are free. All of them!

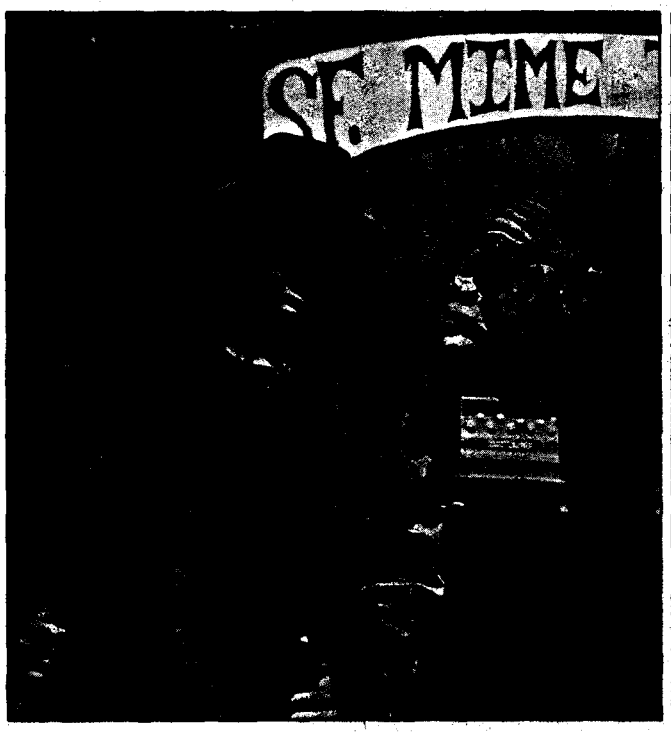
OK, Babs, seeing as how you have all these weird opinions and all, we're going to have to throw the book at you. [Takes out small book and throws it at her.] It'll be a swift and speedy trial, so let's pay a little call on the JUDGE-O-MAT.

The what?

The JUDGE-O-MAT–instant justice! The latest device in the war against crime and overcrowded courtrooms. Let's take a little mosey. [Operator and Man cross to puppet box.]

JUDGE: Order in the court! Charge, please!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Misdemeanor, your honor-mat.

Offense, please.

Telephones, your honor-mat.

Oh, you must mean the old stamp dodge.

The old stamp dodge, what's that?

The old stamp dodge — you know — not putting a six-cent stamp on your phone bill, so the phone company has to pay the postage.

Oh no, it's worse than that, sir.

Then you mean the old spindle swindle.

The old spindle swindle?

The old spindle swindle — that's punching an extra hole in your phone bill so the computers freak out.

No, your honor-mat, this is credit cards.

Oh — you mean the old S — any number in the SF phone book — dodge.

Hey — you're hip to the phone code — you musta been talking to some of my friends.

Felony! Felony!

No, no, it's a misdemeanor, your honor-mat.

Talking is conspiracy; conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor is a felony. Please deposit an additional ten cents. [Man does so] Sentence! Six months suspended, three weeks Santa Rita, one semester [name of school]. Lock her up.

Fascist scum, your days are numbered!

OPERATOR OF JUDGE PUPPET: [emerging barefaced] Come on, lady, I'm just trying to do my job!

[to tune of "Yellow Submarine," dancing] Call your friends, it's just a dime/ from California/ on company time/ say my cre-e-e-dit card is S/ any nu-u-mber 158.

[in rhythm] you're under arrest.

BOTH [Dancing together chorus-line fashion]: Call your friends on the People's Telephone, People's Telephone, Call your friends, [etc.]. [Dance off.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Soledad Brothers: How a Prison Picks Its Victims

THINK OF CALIFORNIA'S Monterey County and you'll probably imagine quaint shops in Carmel, gnarled pines hanging wind-swept above one of the most dramatic beaches on the West Coast, or exclusive mountain hide-aways for the wealthy. You may remember that Joan Baez has her school for non-violence in Monterey, that the Esalen Institute offers sessions in sensitivity training, or that hitchhiking hippies are taking over beautiful Big Sur.

Images of the easy life come to mind quickly. But there is another side to the county not mentioned in Chamber of Commerce leaflets and not part of the tourists' beaten paths. Inland from the resorts lies the Salinas Valley, flat acres of rich farmland whose white owners once employed vigilance committees and strike-breakers to intimidate and occasionally kill migrant workers. This is the part of the county that John Steinbeck saw. South from Salinas is an even uglier reality—Soledad Prison. Here, the violence and brutality that were once part of the chaos of the Depression have been evoked again with the murders of three of the prison's black inmates.

When Soledad (more properly known as California Training Facility at Soledad) opened in 1946, it was touted as a progressive institution. Perhaps it is, but over the years prisoners have come to know it as the "gladiator school" or the "front line" because of the intensity of the racial hostility which exists between guards and inmates, and among the inmates themselves. Letters detailing the brutality of daily life inside the prison have made their way to inmates' families and attorneys and finally to the attention of legislators in Sacramento. Finally, in early June of this year, California State Senator Mervyn Dymally made an inspection of the maximum security part of the prison, accompanied by two staff members and Bay Area attorney Fay Stender. The group wanted to distribute a questionnaire, to be filled out and returned on the spot by prisoners so that no one would be punished for complaining about conditions.

The plan ran afoul of Ray Procunier, Director of the California Department of Corrections, and of the czars of the prison. "If there's any questionnaire," said Procunier, "I'm going to put it in there. If there's anything wrong going on down here, we want to be the first to know about it." Dymally submitted, and after touring the prison's "O" wing, the senator's group reassembled in the warden's office to talk over what they had learned from brief discussions with inmates. They were especially concerned about black prisoners' complaints about food being contaminated, urine in their coffee and similar harassments.

"It's my opinion that the food is not being tampered with," said Procunier. "From a management point of view, we don't want it. There's just a bad set of feelings going around this joint." When Dymally suggested that there must be some basis for the fact that so many letters and complaints had mentioned this, Procunier turned to his prison officials. "Now I want you to tell me the truth," he warned. "Has it ever happened that someone has urinated in anyone's coffee?" When the four men shook their heads from side to side in unison, he turned back, satisfied.

After they had asked a few more questions and received Procunier's arbitrary answers, Dymally's group left Soledad without ever getting to the prison's major problem—the rampant racism that has led to a series of murders of black inmates and, more recently, to the outrageous framing and prosecution of three others who have become known as the Soledad Brothers.

A BLACK INMATE IN Soledad's maximum security section wrote recently about the racial hatred there: "On ——, A.B. and myself were transferred to Soledad Correctional Facility. We were placed in the Max Row section, 'O' wing. Immediately entering the sallyport area of this section I could hear inmates shouting and making remarks such as, 'Nigger is a scum low-down dog,' etc. I couldn't believe my ears at first because I knew that if I could hear these things the officers beside me could too, and I started wondering what was going on. Then I fixed my eyes on the wing sergeant and I began to see the clear picture of why those inmates didn't care if the officials heard them instigating racial conflict. The sergeant was, and still is, a known prejudiced character towards blacks. I was placed in cell No. ——, and since that moment up til now I have had no peace of mind. The white inmates make it a 24-hour job of cursing black inmates just for kicks, and the officials harass us with consistency also."

On "Max Row," prisoners remain in solitary confinement in little cells like iron boxes 23-1/2 hours a day. Heavy screens, not just bars, shut them in, and they are fed through holes in their respective doors.

Another prisoner wrote from "O" wing about food service there: "The prison officials here stopped serving the meals and deliberately selected the Caucasian and Mexican inmates to serve the meals and they immediately proceeded to poison our meals by filling food to be issued to us with

(Text continued on page 48)

by Eve Pell

Silkscreen by Bruce Kaiper/CCAC Media Project

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Road to Phnom Penh: Cambodia Takes up the Gun

ON MARCH 18, AN AMERICAN-backed military coup overthrew the neutralist government of Prince Norodom Sihanouk, forcing the Cambodian left into all-out insurgency and providing American counterinsurgents with yet another Vietnam. First South Vietnam; then Laos; now Cambodia—American power has finally toppled the last domino in Indochina into communist revolution.

For over a decade, the United States had tried to unseat Sihanouk and replace him with a right-wing regime. Though a conservative in domestic policies, Sihanouk jealously guarded his country's independence, knowing that entangling alliances could only lead Cambodia straight into the Indochina war, and from there into a full-scale revolution of her own. He also knew that if Cambodia ever became a junior partner in America's Asian alliances, she would open herself to the territorial expansion of her traditional enemies, the Thais and the South Vietnamese.

He was right. General Lon Nol, Cambodia's new ruler, has abandoned neutrality. South Vietnam's General Thieu has agreed to occupy Cambodia, defending Lon Nol from the Cambodian people, at least until a successful Cambodianization of the war permits the withdrawal of South Vietnamese combat troops. The Thais have volunteered military aid and their own combat troops. And the Americans, striking from air and land, are turning Cambodia into the newest battlefield in an unending war.

Sihanouk, meanwhile, is now chief of his country's revolutionary movement. "America attracts communism," the former neutralist once explained, "like sugar attracts ants."

Sihanouk first became King of Cambodia in 1941, appointed by the Vichy French, who from the outset of World War II administered the country on behalf of the Japanese. In early 1945, after Vichy fell to the Allies, the Japanese seized direct control of Indochina, made the right-wing collaborator Son Ngoc Thanh premier, and pushed Sihanouk to declare Cambodia independent of French rule. Following the defeat of Japan in World War II, the French returned, jailing Son Ngoc Thanh and forcing Sihanouk to make Cambodia "an autonomous state within the French Union." This effectively reestablished French military and economic control, and gave the French the use of Cambodia and Cambodian troops in their campaign to regain control of Vietnam from the Viet Minh.

In reaction to the French takeover, many of Son Ngoc Thanh's followers fled to Thailand, where they organized a Cambodian independence movement. The new group, the Khmer Issarak, covered the political spectrum from right-wing nationalists to communists, and included ethnic Vietnamese living in Cambodia. By 1953, the anti-French Khmer Issarak, working closely with the Viet Minh, controlled three-fifths of Cambodia.

SIHANOUK, HIS NATIONALIST credentials now in question, began his own "royal crusade for independence." Capitalizing on French fear of the Khmer Serai and the Viet Minh, he skillfully maneuvered the French to back his crusade and, in October 1953, declared the independence of Cambodia.

Sihanouk's success undermined the nationalist position of the Khmer Issarak. Son Ngoc Thanh and a few of his right-wing followers went into exile in Bangkok; the great majority of the Khmer Issarak, including the left, accepted Sihanouk's offer of amnesty and laid down their arms.

Sihanouk then set out to govern Cambodia in classic fashion: balancing right against left, class against class, while maintaining his own position as the indispensable man-in-the-middle. He permitted the communist Pracheachon Party to operate openly. But, stepping down from the throne, he actively campaigned for his own "Buddhist Socialist" Party, the Sangkum, helping it establish exclusive control of the National Assembly. He surrounded himself, both in the Sangkum and in his cabinets, with representatives of the entire span of Cambodian political life, including veterans of the Khmer Issarak. Yet he ran the government as a one-man show, single-handedly making decisions on even the most trivial matters.

Economically, Sihanouk practiced a kind of top-down socialism. But, rather than promoting growth, the profits of

by Banning Garrett

Photograph by Robert Scheu/Photon West

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

state-owned enterprises often ended up in the pockets of Sihanouk's palace cronies. He spoke of industrializing Cambodia, but he was unwilling, probably unable, to attack the large Khmer landowners or the ethnic Chinese and Vietnamese merchants. Balancing in this way, Sihanouk never had any real possibility of moving Cambodia from its subsistence rice economy into the world of modern production. In fact, his methods almost guaranteed the deterioration of economic conditions which contributed heavily to his downfall.

Sihanouk's "socialism" did have its positive effects. The bouncy Prince spent much of his time touring the countryside, inspecting and applauding the installation of mechanical pumps, new dams and canals, and encouraging the creation of agricultural cooperatives and the participation of villagers in voluntary labor schemes to build the many new facilities. In return, the peasants remained loyal to the throne, providing a base of support on which Sihanouk can still depend.

Sihanouk performed his greatest balancing acts, however, when trying to preserve his country's peace and neutrality in the face of America's escalating war in Vietnam. For a time he accepted economic and military aid from America—nearly 400 million dollars—which went to subsidize Cambodian imports, fund AID "development" programs, and provide equipment and training for the military. But the Prince also consciously sought aid from other major countries, both communist and non-communist, and steadfastly refused to join the anti-communist SEATO (Southeast Asia Treaty Organization). He allied with China, but kept sufficient independence so that he was able to cool relations in 1967 when China's Cultural Revolution spread to the youth of Phnom Penh's large Chinese community. He gave the North Vietnamese and NLF free use of Cambodia's border areas, but only in return for their pledge to stay out of his country's internal affairs.

SIHANOUK'S BALANCING ACT simply could not last, however. The war in Vietnam escalated, Cambodia's economy deteriorated, and the man-in-the-middle found it increasingly difficult to play off contending political forces.

From the left, the communist Khmer Rouge began to gain strength. Back in the spring of 1967 a left-wing rebellion broke out in Battambang Province, an area of right-wing terrorism and increasing pressure on the peasants by the landholding elite, government officials and the army. This rebellion marked the Cambodian left's first important military action since they fought with the Viet Minh against the French. Following the Battambang action, several former leaders of the anti-French fight emerged in the leadership of new guerrilla bands.

In response, General Lon Nol, a former Army chief whom Sihanouk had kicked upstairs to the post of Prime Minister, used the Prince's absence from the country to send the army on a search-and-destroy mission against the Khmer Rouge. Sihanouk returned and fired Lon Nol. But to keep things in balance he attacked three National Assemblymen as communist conspirators. The three—Hu Nim, Khieu Samphan and Hou Youn—fled from the capital and went to join the Khmer Rouge. In this incident, Sihanouk managed to emerge once again the strong man in the center, but he paid a high price—the beginning of a real communist insurgency in Cambodia.

From that time on, the Khmer Rouge launched guerrilla attacks in most parts of the country. Last fall, T. D. Allman, writing in the authoritative Far Eastern Economic Review, reported that there were perhaps 3000 Khmer Rouge operating in the countryside, plus a network in the urban centers. Along with peasants, the guerrilla groups included "students, teachers and former French-trained government officers, largely expelled from Phnom Penh in 1967." They were led by Hou Youn and were active, Allman reported, in 15 out of the 19 Cambodian provinces.

The program of the Khmer Rouge was particularly interesting in light of more recent events. Their statements strongly condemned Lon Nol and criticized the army, police extortion and government corruption. Invariably, Lon Nol and his friends were referred to as "American stooges," a distinction the Khmer Rouge never attributed to Sihanouk.

During this same period, another insurgent group emerged, the Khmer Loeu. Hill tribesmen, numbering at most 60,000, the Khmer Loeu live in the remote province of Rattanakiri on the northeast border where Laos, Cambodia and South Vietnam meet. This area, formerly Laotian, has never been under actual Phnom Penh control, and neither the Laotians nor the South Vietnamese have been willing to recognize Cambodia's claim to it. In order to establish their control, Cambodian officials began in 1959 to move ethnic Khmers into the province. The government also tried to relocate the Khmer Loeu into "strategic hamlets" and Cambodianize them, and to parcel out land—through which the Khmer Loeu previously had wandered freely—to Cambodian "colonists" from the lowlands. For more than a thousand years, the hill tribesmen of Southeast Asia have been retreating to more unfavorable land in the face of the advance of the more aggressive Chinese, Vietnamese, Lao, Siamese and Burmese. The Khmer Loeu, like so many of the other minority tribes of the area, were at the end of the road.

In 1968, the Khmer Loeu rebelled. Deserting their villages and moving into the forest, they organized and armed, apparently with the aid of about 50 NLF cadre who speak their language. Their battle, at first simply defensive, was soon to merge with the Indochinese revolution.

Though growing in strength, the Khmer Rouge and Khmer Loeu did not yet pose an immediate revolutionary threat to the government. But their insurgence further polarized the forces which Sihanouk was trying to contain.

The danger from the right was more immediate. Ever since 1958, when the United States grew tired of Sihanouk's neutralism, the CIA had financed and trained the Khmer Serai, a right-wing remnant of the old Khmer Issarak still under the leadership of Son Ngoc Thanh.

In 1959 the Khmer Serai, together with the Thai and South Vietnamese governments, tried unsuccessfully to overthrow Sihanouk. By November 1963 their continued efforts finally led Sihanouk, at great cost to the Cambodian government, to cut off all American foreign aid. In 1966 the Khmer Serai actually declared war on Cambodia, claiming responsibility for incursions across the border. Shortly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before the present coup, they infiltrated the regular Cambodian army to act as a Trojan horse for the CIA.

At the same time, the CIA recruited mercenaries from South Vietnam's million-strong Cambodian minority to fight alongside the Khmer Serai. These mercenaries, the Khmer Krom of Kampuchea (KKK), are extraordinarily vicious. "You know," one of them told J. C. Pomonti of Le Monde, "the KKK love to eat the flesh of the Vietnamese. Especially the liver. The liver, that's the best."

INCREASINGLY PRESSED from both left and right, Sihanouk found less and less room in which to maneuver. The aristocracy, the merchants and the army were all angered because they had lost their traditional share of the financial action; students unable to find jobs and civil servants and intellectuals felt powerless; everyone resented the inefficiency of his one-man rule. Sihanouk's economic schemes, inadequate on paper, were further hampered by his unwillingness to delegate authority and to operate in a consistent fashion. He tried to make too many and too trivial decisions, and his over-all plans were too unstable to allow others to carry out long-range planning.

Finally, in December 1969, the right wing began a concerted drive for power. In order to pay for imports Cambodia was falling deeper and deeper into national debt, and the domestic economy was in sharp decline. Eager to seize the time, rightist businessmen led by Lon Nol and Sirik Matak pushed through the National Assembly, against Sihanouk's will, measures to denationalize banking and the import-export business, bring tax receipts directly into the government treasury instead of into the office of the Chief of State (Sihanouk's office), and shut down the state-run gambling casino, which had long been a source of income for the palace. The United States and the World Bank joined in the push for denationalization, unexpectedly withholding aid even after the July 1969 resumption of U.S.-Cambodian diplomatic relations.

The following month Sihanouk left for France, once again hoping to prove himself the indispensable man. Soon after, Lon Nol stepped up the already existing racist press campaigns against the Vietnamese minority in Cambodia. In early March, the army organized anti-Vietnamese demonstrations in Svay Rieng province. Then, on March 11, soldiers in civilian dress, reportedly members of the Khmer Serai, led 10,000 demonstrators in an attack on the embassies of the North Vietnamese and the Provisional Revolutionary Government. "The demonstrators—numbering about 10,000—were hardly hostile to the sacking in a country where anti-Vietnamese feeling runs deep," reported Allman, "but the demonstration was hardly spontaneous. Few of the students would have shown up had they not been ordered, and they undoubtedly had no idea that the ultimate result of their demonstration would be the ouster of Sihanouk."

Trying to head off the impending coup, Colonel Oum Mannorine, Sihanouk's brother-in-law, and the pro-Sihanouk police attempted on March 16 to arrest Lon Nol. They failed, and on March 18 Lon Nol and the army took over the government.

It was, as Allman points out, "an upper-class coup, not a revolution."

ONLY DAYS AFTER the coup, Lon Nol's army killed several hundred unarmed pro-Sihanouk Khmer peasants. By early May the army had also massacred more than 5000 Cambodian Vietnamese, imprisoned nearly 200,000 (60,000 of whom were shipped to Vietnam) and tried, unsuccessfully, to mobilize Khmer villagers for race war against the remaining ethnic Vietnamese. The army launched these attacks more for political than racial reasons: the ethnic Vietnamese in the border area and in the large Vietnamese community showed great sympathy for the NLF. As one assemblyman explained, "Each Vietnamese face could hide a Viet Cong." The massacres of course drove the ethnic Vietnamese, many of them formerly apolitical shopkeepers, sharply to the left.

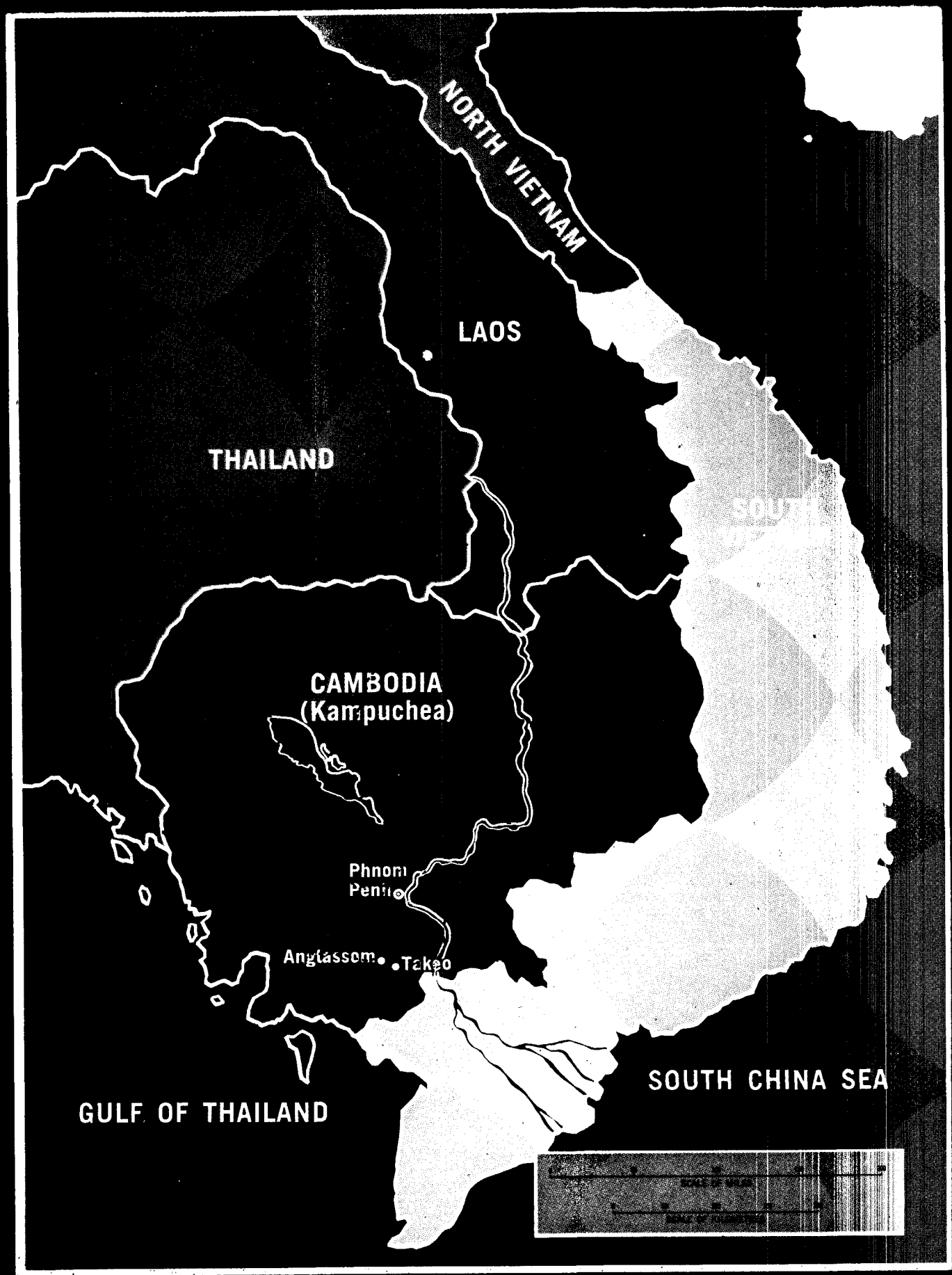
Lon Nol also brought several thousand Khmer Serai and Khmer Krom into the country, and expects to double the size of his army with 45,000 more U.S.-trained and U.S.-paid Khmer Krom. (U.S. advisers are recruiting additional ethnic Khmers in South Vietnam and Thailand, and will continue to maintain control, even if the U.S. formally withdraws.) In it for the flesh and the money, these mercenaries, along with the Khmer Serai, have been even more intent on looting than is the regular Cambodian army. Even more vicious are the South Vietnamese troops, who, outraged by the massacre of Cambodian Vietnamese, loot the wreckage of the towns they destroy, run the South Vietnamese flag up over occupied buildings, openly demonstrate their contempt for the Cambodians and show little concern for Cambodians caught in crossfires with pro-Sihanouk forces. The paradox is grotesque: the same Vietnamese troops who refuse to fight in their own country are now defending a Cambodian government which massacred their fellow Vietnamese, while they themselves massacre the Khmer people who are fighting to topple that government.

The Americans, if personally less brutal, have produced the most widespread savagery, bringing their "forced urbanization" strategy from Vietnam into Cambodia. As Professor Noam Chomsky explained after returning from a recent trip to Southeast Asia: "It is important to understand that the massacre of the rural population of Vietnam and their forced evacuation is not an accidental by-product of the war. Rather it is of the very essence of American strategy. The theory behind it has been explained with great clarity and explicitness, for example by Professor Samuel Huntington, Chairman of the Government Department at Harvard. . . . He explains that the Viet Cong is 'a powerful force which cannot be dislodged from its constituency so long as the constituency continues to exist.' The conclusion is obvious, and he does not shrink from it. We can ensure that the constituency ceases to exist by 'direct application of mechanical and conventional power . . . on such a massive scale as to produce a massive migration from countryside to city' where the Viet Cong constituency—the rural population—can, it is hoped, be controlled in refugee camps and suburban slums around Saigon. . . . Technically, the process is known as 'urbanization' or 'modernization.'" In other words, Chomsky comments, the answer to a people's war is to eliminate the people.

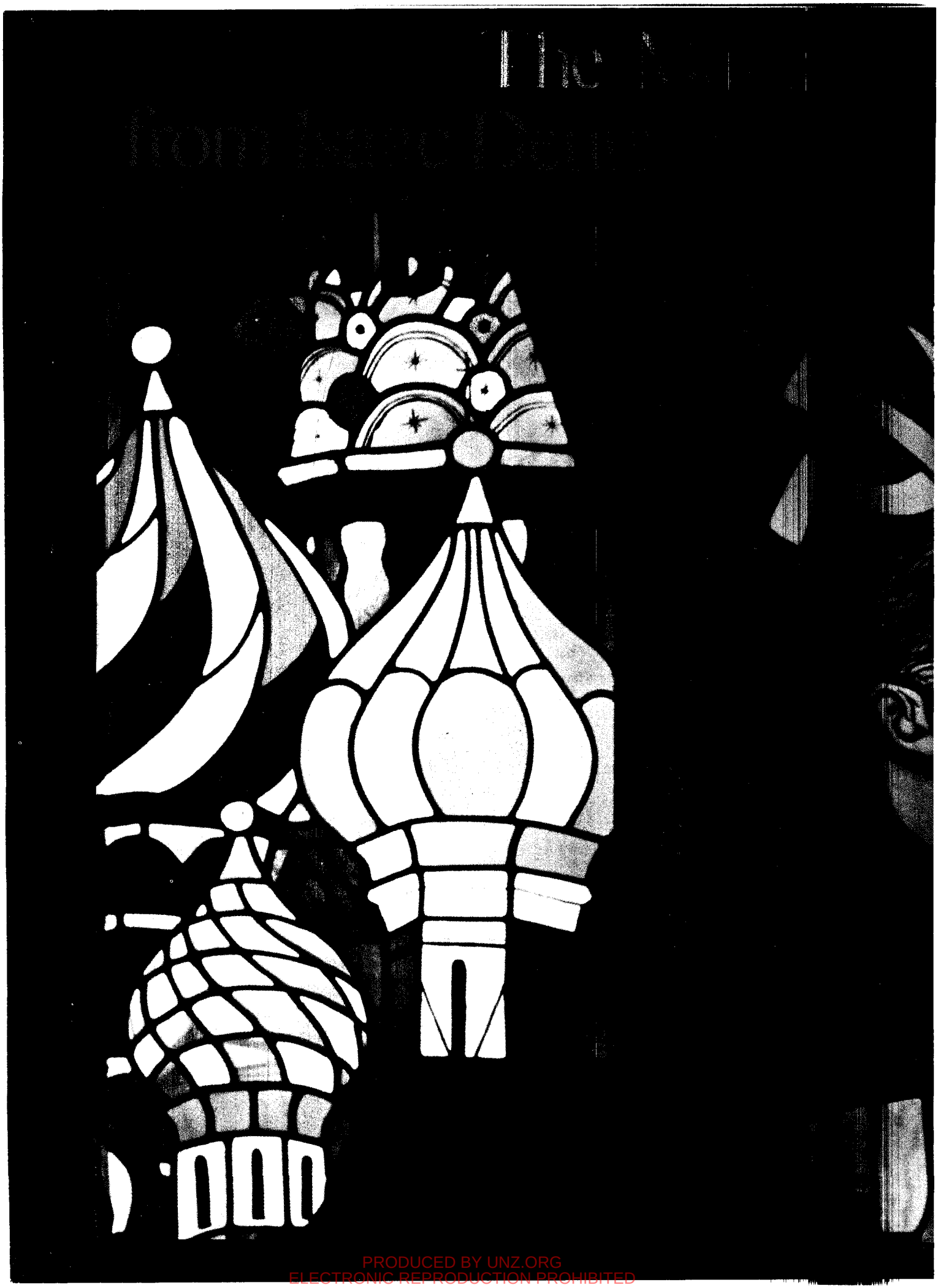
The strategy has one obvious advantage: it requires only enough occupying troops to hold the cities and bomb the countryside. In Laos, with a population of less than three

(Text continued on page 53)

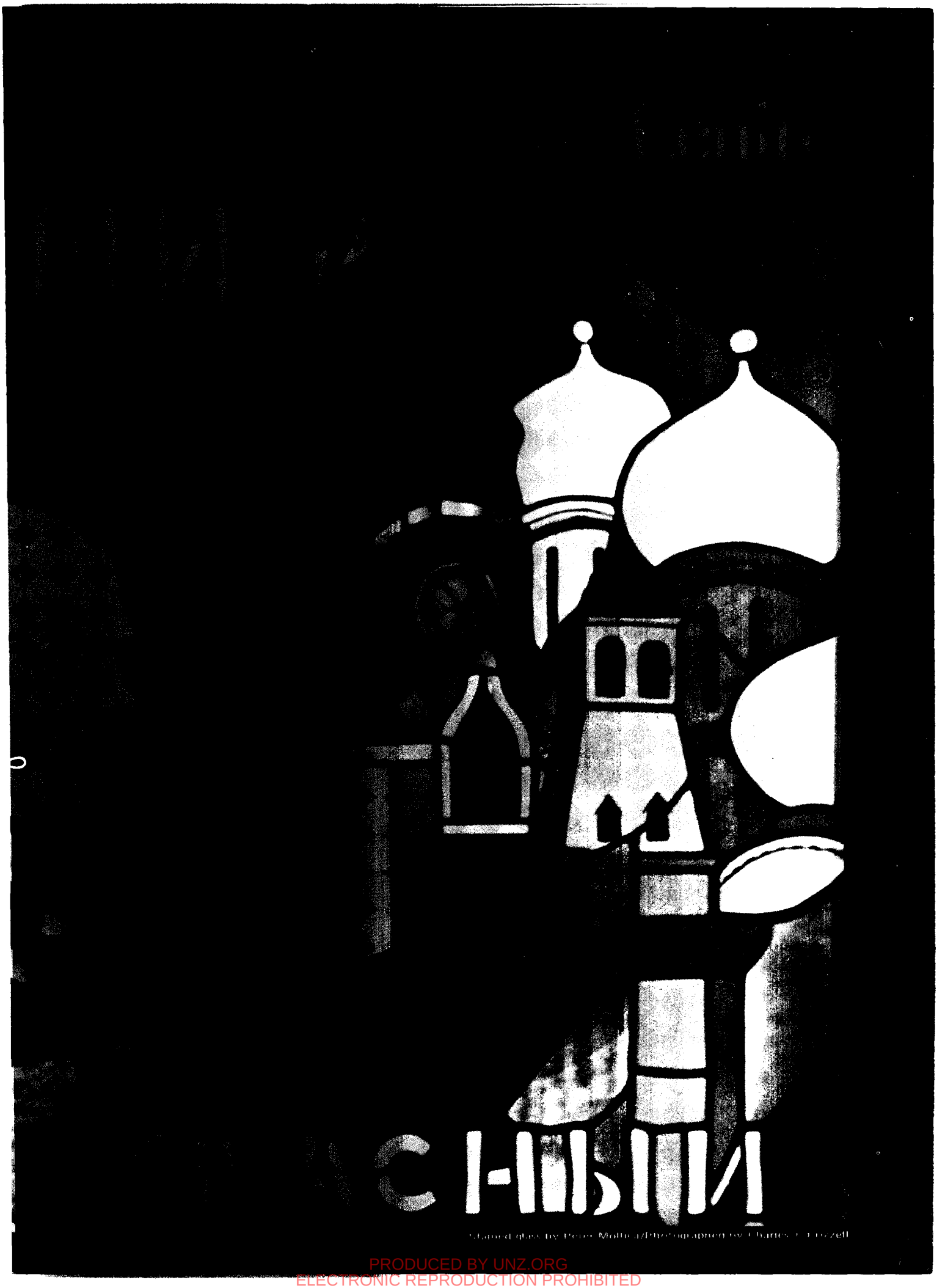
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Introduction by David Horowitz

Isaac Deutscher had planned a trilogy on the leaders of the Russian Revolution, but only lived to complete the Stalin *and the three-volume life of Trotsky. When he died in August 1967, all that was ready of the* Lenin *was the first chapter, containing an account of Lenin's childhood and the formative relationship between Lenin and his older brother Alexander, hanged in 1887 for his participation in an unsuccessful plot to assassinate the Tsar. In addition to illuminating Lenin's early development, the chapter provides remarkable insights into a period of pre-revolutionary student unrest in Russia which bears some striking parallels with the troubled American present. The complete fragment of the* Lenin, *from which what appears on the following pages has been excerpted, will be published in book form by Oxford University Press this fall.*

[1]

THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE Isaac Deutscher remained a lonely, if towering, figure on the political and intellectual landscape of his time. This is not to say that his genius lacked recognition: his talents were so formidable that they compelled recognition. But despite his achievements as a renowned and definitive biographer, historian and Marxist, he was, in a deeper sense, a leader without a following, a shepherd without a flock. Like Trotsky, the protagonist of his biographical masterpiece, who became a "prophet unarmed" in post-revolutionary Russia, Deutscher was for most of his life a political stranger in his epoch, "condemned to hurl the lightning and thunder of his words into the void."

A survivor of the classic period of Bolshevism, with a revolutionary vision too piercing and authentic to meet the standards of Stalinist and anti-Stalinist orthodoxy, Deutscher was long condemned to the isolation of a political heretic. But with the birth of a new revolutionary left in the years since the Soviet "de-Stalinization" of 1956, Deutscher's work has stood apart from the discarded sectarian curios to serve as a vital link between revolutionary generations, between the traditions and achievements of the old revolutionary left and the new.

The New Left began as a healthy reaction against the stultifying doctrinal hang-ups of its elders, proudly unconcerned with foreign social systems and theories. This ingenuousness, important in its time, has increasingly given way to a strong impulse toward revolutionary internationalism. And this restores the experience of the Russian Revolution to central relevance again, not as an historic clash between the policies and personalities of Trotsky and Stalin, but as a primary watershed of a continuing revolutionary development. The Russian paradox—between classical Marxism, which is a theory of revolution for industrialized, formally democratic capitalist societies, and the actual birthplace of the revolution in the pre-industrial, autocratic Tsarist Russia—this paradox has been repeated over and over in the succeeding era, in China and beyond.

The enigma that absorbed Isaac Deutscher's genius, the contradictions and tensions manifested in the Trotsky-Stalin split, between European and non-European Marxism, between "post-scarcity" and scarcity economies and cultures, have revealed themselves to lie at the heart of revolutionary internationalism: the attempt to forge a worldwide revolutionary front in an unevenly developed and nationally divided world. If, as many in the new revolutionary left assert, the principal confrontation in the world today is between White Western Imperialism and revolution in the so-called Third World, then an adequate Western revolutionary understanding must comprehend its own revolutionary needs in relation to its revolutionary responsibilities towards non-Western, non-white, oppressed peoples, and *their* revolutions. The American left is seeking ways to appreciate revolutionary experiences that may not be models for its own praxis, yet are crucial to it.

Deutscher's account of the Soviet development, through his biographies of the two epochal figures in whom the conflict was polarized, provided such a theory, though it was not articulated in any formal way. Schematizing was alien to the style of Deutscher's Marxism and to his sense of human and social complexities. Marxism for him was not a dogma, but a method to be used with all the subtlety and nuance demanded by life's infinitely various textures. He was always fond of pointing out how much richer in complexities was the Marx of the historical works on Louis Napoleon and the class struggles in France than the Marx of the celebrated Preface to the *Critique of Political Economy,* who briefly summarized the principles of his outlook. It is an impressive measure of Deutscher's Marxism that the quality of his work is immediately apparent to the layman whose eye does not sketch out the sources of its architecture, but whose sensibility can appreciate a masterpiece when it sees one.

IN HIS OWN LIFE, DEUTSCHER in a sense lived the dialectic he grappled with in his works. He joined the Polish Communist Party in 1926 at the age of 19. As the revolution in Russia began to succumb to the chauvinism and backwardness of its national environment, Deutscher joined the Trotskyist Opposition, which was struggling to arrest Bolshevism's departure from traditional Marxist and socialist norms. In 1932 he was expelled from the Party for "spreading panic about Nazism." The liberals and social democrats were held to pose the primary political dangers. During the next years he continued his opposition, attempting in vain to stir up resistance in the left to the mass terror in Russia and the infamous purge trials in which the Leninist old guard perished, virtually to a man.

In 1938, however, when Trotsky, convinced that the Third International was morally dead, launched its "successor," Deutscher demurred. "The creation of every one of the earlier Internationals," argued Deutscher at the time, "constituted a definite threat to bourgeois rule." This would not be the case with the Fourth International, because no significant section of the working class would respond to its manifesto and it would become a mere collection of sects. It was necessary, he maintained, to wait for a new upsurge of revolutionary forces.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Isaac Deutscher

Deutscher was thus cut off even from the defeated Trotskyist Opposition. It was at this point that his lonely sojourn began, a sojourn that Deutscher's genius transformed into a unique contribution to the international revolutionary movement and its future regeneration. Having belonged to those whom Stalin had defeated, Deutscher set out systematically to examine why Stalin had won out, why the revolutionary development had taken the course that it did. Ultimately, Deutscher came to see Stalinism differently than Trotsky, who emphasized the Machiavellian usurpation and bureaucratic betrayal of the revolution. For Deutscher, the incipient degeneration of the revolution was already manifest when both Lenin and Trotsky were in the full vigor of their leadership and power, and was the result of the isolation of the revolution and the autocratic backwardness of its national setting. Moreover, Deutscher saw in Stalinism not merely a Thermidorian bureaucracy, subverting and arresting the revolutionary development, but a bureaucratic revolution, itself carrying through that development, though in a distorted form, with the barbarous means and the primitive outlook of its native surroundings.

For this, Deutscher was made a heretic and an outcast from the left: damned by the Stalinists for maintaining his Marxist ideals and outlook against the debasement of the revolution, and denounced by the anti-Stalinists for affirming that the brutally realized achievements of Stalin *were* revolutionary, however truncated and disfigured they may have been.

Deutscher resisted the temptation to cut through the tangled ambiguities of the Russian Revolution with a sharp slogan. But neither was he seeking to mediate between old enemies with a scholastic formula of revolutionary sin and grace. He was set apart from those, including Trotsky, who were trapped in a dualism that Deutscher knew must be understood in order to be transcended.

What is now usually called the "new left" became such by detaching itself from the "old" during the de-Stalinization period in Russia three decades after Lenin's death, and the first eruption of the Trotsky-Stalin conflict. This historical conjuncture was by no means accidental, for it was only the dethronement of Russian Stalinism after the Khrushchev report that made space for the new movement, liberating it from the tutelage of Soviet Marxism and its subordination to Soviet policies. "New left" means, in effect, the left beyond Stalinism (and Trotskyism), and *that* (within Marxism) is the meaning of Deutscher's work as well.

[II]

DEUTSCHER, THE BIOGRAPHER of Stalin and Trotsky, left no autobiographical statement. Yet in fragments of his work, which like all art contain a large element of introspection, we can see reflected the essential features of his own character and achievement. A decade before he died, Deutscher gave a lecture titled "The Message of the Non-Jewish Jew" in which he discussed six Jewish heretics, who were also great revolutionaries of modern thought, including Spinoza, Marx, Rosa Luxemburg and Trotsky. As Deutscher so often used a literary image to bind up complex themes in his larger works, so he began this lecture with a symbolic story: When still a child, he had come across a scene in the *Midrash* which had gripped his young imagination. It was from the narrative of Rabbi Meir, the great saint and pillar of Mosaic orthodoxy, who took lessons in theology from a heretic bearing the nickname *Akher,* the Stranger. Once, on a Sabbath, Rabbi Meir had gone out on a trip with his teacher, and as usual they had become engaged in deep argument. So intently had Rabbi Meir listened to the words of wisdom falling from heretical lips that he failed to notice that he and his teacher had reached the ritual boundary which Jews were not allowed to cross on the Sabbath. At this point the great heretic indicated to his pupil, the Rabbi, that they had reached the boundary, whereupon the Rabbi turned and went back to the Jewish community, "while the heretic rode on—beyond the boundaries of Jewry."

So intrigued was the young Deutscher by this story, that when he was 13 (and still an orthodox Jew) he began to write a drama about Rabbi Meir and the heretic Akher, and tried to find out more about Akher's character. For the boy was deeply impressed by the figure of Akher and the enigmas which his story posed to an orthodox viewpoint. "Why," the boy wondered, "did Rabbi Meir take his lessons from the heretic?. . . Who was he?. . . He appeared to be in Jewry and yet out of it. He showed a curious respect for his pupil's orthodoxy when he sent him back to the Jews on the holy Sabbath; but he himself, disregarding canon and ritual, rode beyond the boundaries. . . . What made him transcend Judaism?" These were the questions that agitated the young Deutscher.

In retrospect, it is not at all surprising that the adolescent boy, who was to renounce his own religious upbringing shortly afterwards, should have been impressed with the heretic Akher, nor that the biographer of the heretic Trotsky should, a third of a century later, still be compelled by the wisdom of the haggadic tale. Indeed, how well the figure of Akher fits Deutscher himself. For Deutscher was also the heretic of communism who in the post-Stalin decade became a teacher, mainly to rank-and-file communists, but to not a few "rabbis" of communism as well. "To those of

Photo/Courtesy of Oxford University Press

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us," wrote a former communist miner after Deutscher's death—"to those of us who were groping, in the '50s, for an explanation of the brutally irrational distortions which had cramped the life of the socialist movement, the almost lone voice of Deutscher came as a blinding revelation."

And Deutscher was no less the heretic-stranger, who appeared to be in communism and yet not in it, to be of communism and yet not of it, and who, like Akher, showed a curious respect for his pupils' orthodoxy, and a care lest they wander beyond the boundaries of Marxism and of communism, and become lost.

And it was Deutscher who, alone among European socialists, was invited by the American New Left, to whom his Marxism itself was then heretical, to address them at their great anti-war teach-ins. And it was Deutscher who proclaimed at Berkeley to this New Left the urgency of giving back to class struggle its old dignity, and of restoring meaning once more to the idea of communism. Listen again to the voice of Deutscher's communist pupil: "For so many of us, he was a regenerator of hope. In him we found the link between humanism and socialism which allowed us to rediscover Marx himself and our own history." The very essence of Deutscher's work was the transcendence of communism, in the Hegelian sense; of preserving the best, the real achievement, of the old, even while surpassing and annulling it towards the new.

Lenin: The Making of a Revolutionary

"...while Sasha was poring over *Das Kapital,* Volodya [Lenin], lying on a couch, read and re-read all of Turgenev's novels, went into raptures over them, but showed not the slightest interest in the book in which his brother was so deeply absorbed."

[*A Note on the Names:* Lenin *is usually referred to here by his first name,* Vladimir, *or its diminutive,* Volodya. Alexander, *Lenin's older brother, is often referred to by his nickname,* Sasha.]

PARAPHRASING TOLSTOY, one may say that unhappy children are unhappy each in his own way, each suffering his own particular misfortune, whereas the happy ones are almost all alike. Lenin's childhood was so happy that it need hardly be described in detail, yet one should perhaps bear in mind this circumstance because it must have contributed to the character of the future revolutionary, to the self-confidence, inner balance and fullness of his personality. No grave shock and no acute anxiety appears to have upset him up to the age of 16. The warmth and discipline of the parental home and the children's little community—there were presently six of them—provided protection and varied interests, joys, rivalries and excitement.

The reddish, bulky, bouncing Volodya [Lenin] was the noisiest and the most roguish of the children; they called him Kubyshkin—the "bellied pot." In the Red Indians game, his was always the role of the Indian whom the Whites—that is, the grown-ups—pursued most savagely and who himself fiercely hunted for wild beasts. He would return from the double hunt and proudly relate his adventures, making the younger children swear that they would not betray him to the Whites. Utterly reckless, he swam through the most dangerous cross-currents in the Volga or the Svyaga or rowed in rotten and cracked-up boats—on one or two occasions a boatman hauled him out of the water. He would advance fearlessly into "haunted places" from which other children kept off, or would steal through the dark forests.

But above all, he was eager to rival Sasha [Alexander], who was four years his senior. There was in this rivalry something of the tension between the older and younger brother which Adlerian psychologists consider important in the formation of character. This rivalry, with its inevitable frustrations, more than anything else provoked his aggressiveness and his sarcasm. Only later, in adolescence, did the nobler element in the emulation subdue the envy.

AT THE AGE OF NINE Volodya entered the local gymnasium, where the headmaster, by a curious freak of history, was Fyodor Mikhailovich Kerensky, the father of Alexander Kerensky, whose government was to be overthrown by Lenin's party in 1917. Contrary to what Soviet biographers say about the matter, Kerensky *pere* was to exercise quite a strong influence on Volodya, much stronger in fact than on his own son, who was also his pupil. Like Ilya Nikolaevich [Lenin's father], Fyodor Kerensky was also a rather conservative liberal; over the years the two men became close friends and this fact left some imprint on Lenin's early fortunes.

At school Volodya did extremely well—from the first form to the last he was the top of his class. His schoolmates

by Isaac Deutscher

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were later to recall that he was extremely attentive, quiet and orderly during lessons, and the most boisterous and the loudest of them all during breaks. He learned effortlessly and recited his lessons confidently without a hitch.

In later years, his sister maintains, Volodya became aware of the danger of effortless success and deliberately forced himself to work. Here his rivalry with Sasha, who was extremely diligent, began to have its beneficial effect. Sasha would remain for hours in his room, either reading or doing some experiments in chemistry. Chemistry did not appeal to Volodya, but he also stayed in his room and read more and more voraciously. The emulation began to affect his character as well: he tried to assimilate something of Sasha's reserve, discretion and tact, and to control his own quick temper. But if the ideal–"to be like Sasha"–seemed unattainable, Volodya was at any rate becoming less captious, less derisory, and more appreciative of some qualities worthy of imitation.

Until the age of 16 Volodya was religious, though not in his father's fervent and passionate manner. But he took his Greek Orthodox faith and his church-going for granted as part of an established way of life. He showed no inclination as yet to question the socio-political standards or the moral values accepted by society. To be sure, like all Ulyanovs he instinctively despised the caste-ridden system which the Great Reform had sapped but not destroyed. But the Ulyanovs managed somehow to live as if beyond that system and, assuming that it was crumbling anyhow, to ignore it. Nothing in the brilliant pupil foreshadowed the revolutionary. There was not even a hint of the rebel about him, not a flicker of that restiveness and not a trace of that "maladjustment" which marked the adolescence of so many men who later in life settled down quite happily to philistine respectability. He was growing up in almost perfect harmony with his environment.

Yet Volodya could not be quite unaware of the grim political drama of those years. He was 11 when Tsar Alexander II was assassinated by the Narodnovoltsy. Services were held in schools and in churches; preachers and orators were denouncing the regicides and swearing loyalty to the dynasty. Ilya Nikolaevich was gravely upset. His children remembered in what a pensive and sombre mood he received the news of the assassination. He put on his uniform and went out to attend a mass in the cathedral, then came home and spoke to his family in deep and bitter anger about the Tsar's assassins. They were, he said, irresponsible criminals who had brought disaster upon Russia. . . .

[DISCOVERING MARX]

VOLODYA WAS NEARLY 16 at his father's death [12 January 1886]; he was the oldest of the Ulyanov children at Simbirsk. Sasha had not come to the funeral. Anna [Lenin's sister] stayed in Simbirsk for two months, but at her mother's insistence returned to Petersburg to continue her studies. And so Volodya had to act *in loco parentis.* But the family's misfortune did not otherwise disturb his buoyant adolescence. On the contrary; the disappearance of paternal authority released him from inhibitions and he became even more self-assertive than he had been.

In the summer there was the usual family reunion, first at Simbirsk and then at Kokushkino; this was the last summer Sasha was to spend with them all. . . .

For Sasha this was a fateful year. He was in a graver mood than he used to be, and Volodya's pranks irritated him even more. Sasha too was now, after his father's death, freed from certain inhibitions, but in a manner peculiar to him. His mind turned decisively from purely scientific preoccupations to social affairs and politics. He could no longer escape from the stifling air of all-pervading obscurantism and terror into the university's lecture halls and laboratories. Barely a fortnight after he had concluded his thesis on the characteristics of freshwater annelids, he became involved, on February 19, in a political event of considerable significance: he was one of the organizers of a student demonstration called to commemorate the champions of the Great Reform on its 25th anniversary.

As Trotsky points out, the purpose of the demonstration was extremely modest in itself. The Great Reform had, after all, been denounced by the Narodniks and the Narodnovoltsy and all the radicals as a half-measure and a fraud. Until quite recently, only conservative-liberals have seen it as a milestone on the road of progress or an epoch-making event. The mere fact that a new generation of students was ready to celebrate it and to glorify it as such reflected only a steep decline from the high level of social criticism and political aspirations of the 1860s and 1870s. However, amid the vicious reaction against the era of the Great Reform which marked the whole rule of Alexander III, the students' plan appeared to be an act of extreme opposition to the government. Everyone saw it in this light: the students, who were eager to break the oppressive silence that reigned in Petersburg; the conservatives, who were trying to undo the Reform; and the Tsar himself, who saw the hydra of regicide rearing its head (and pretending) to pay tribute to his father's rule.

ON 19 FEBRUARY THERE WERE about 400 students at the cemetery, but once again they were forestalled by the police and the gendarmerie who, massed in force, barred the way. The students were indignant; the government was alerted. The authorities, having suppressed all student organization, could not find out where the impulse for the action had originated, nor who were its initiators; they came to the conclusion that the suppression was not thorough enough. Early in April, the chief of police of the capital ordered all student canteens to be closed–for where, if not at these cheap eating places, had the "lean, hungry, savage, anti-everything" met and conspired?

These reprisals, ludicrous though they were, had their effect: the malcontents found it more difficult to communicate with one another, and the bolder spirits were cut off from the great mass of the intimidated and fearful. However, within the small circle to which Alexander became drawn almost in spite of himself, exasperation stimulated radical political thinking–it was not by chance that this very summer he was to bring to Kokushkino a copy of *Das Kapital.*

There is no doubt that *Das Kapital* made an overwhelming impact on him. He discussed it with Anna and later with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his comrades. But the effect of Marx's and Plekhanov's ideas on him was in a sense only negative. He lost his illusions about the efficacy of the Narodniks; he saw that their conception of a socialism based on the village commune was unrealistic, and that the autocratic system in Russia could not be overthrown by a few terrorist attempts on the Tsar. He did not see how Marx's theory or Plekhanov's reasoning could be translated into action immediately; the autocratic system had become unendurable, yet no class in society was capable of challenging it—let alone destroying it.

Such were the clear-sighted conclusions which the young man (he was just 20) had reached after his discussions in Petersburg and his brooding over *Das Kapital* in the summer. He was to state these ideas with cruel lucidity only a few months later, from the dock. He knew that the nation was politically at an impasse, that nothing could be done for the time being to change this state of affairs, that nothing could be done except to work for the future by spreading new ideas abroad, as Plekhanov was doing; he knew that revolutionaries trying to resume the struggle inside Russia were doomed to defeat. To him nothing was left but to put aside the insoluble political dilemmas and to return to academic work. Mendeleev's ideas could be further developed and put to use in Russia regardless of the autocratic regime; Marx's could not.

During this summer, because of restricted circumstances, the brothers lived together in the same room; while Sasha was poring over *Das Kapital,* Volodya, lying on a couch, read and re-read all of Turgenev's novels, went into raptures over them, but showed not the slightest interest in the book in which his brother was so deeply absorbed. Volodya often visited his schoolmate, Apolon Apolonovich, the son of wealthy and noble landowners who had a large library. Volodya would climb to its upper shelves and, seated on top of a small ladder, would read endlessly. Returning home, he brimmed over with enthusiasm over what he had just read. His mind was given to poetry and fiction—nothing else mattered. . . .

[FROM PROTEST TO CONSPIRACY]

EARLY IN THE AUTUMN Alexander was back in St. Petersburg, tense, perplexed and inclined to keep aloof from politics. But he could not turn his back on the radical students with whom he was in sympathy and in whose discussions he was playing an increasingly prominent part; this would have been an act of desertion. In October he was elected secretary of the university's Literary-Scientific Society, which had the blessing of the academic authorities. He was not yet a member of any clandestine organization and none, it seems, existed at the university. It is therefore not quite clear from whom the initiative came for the next political demonstration, the last in which Alexander was to take part. This too was to be nothing more subversive than a commemorative service at the Volkovo cemetery to be held on 17 November, the 25th anniversary of the death of Dobrolyubov. . . .

When a crowd of students considerably larger than ever before—600 people according to some sources, a thousand according to others—assembled outside the cemetery, they found the gates closed: it was announced that the chief of police himself forbade the holding of the service. On turning back, the students found themselves surrounded by a Cossack detachment, and many were arrested. Forty students were expelled from the university and deported from St. Petersburg. The victimization of such a large number of students who could not even be charged with having committed any legal offence caused great indignation. Their friends felt it their duty to protest.

Alexander Ulyanov drafted a letter denouncing the reprisals, the ban on the demonstration and the use of Cossacks against the students. The letter was duplicated and sent to university professors, well-known writers, editors and members of the legal profession. Not a single letter, however,

reached its destination. The police had managed to intercept them all, which indicates how closely the censorship scrutinized all correspondence. This drove most of the students to despair. It showed them that even the most limited and cautious appeals to public opinion were futile. The students were unable to make themselves heard at the university, where they were not allowed to call a meeting; they had been prevented from using the cemetery as a place of secular worship; and the gendarme had pushed his ubiquitous hand even into the letter boxes and prevented their protest from reaching even the small elite of the intelligentsia.

Under these circumstances, conspiracy appeared to the students to be the only way out; the alternative was that they should resign themselves to utter passivity. Unable to express their protest from any public platform or even through a private letter, they resolved to voice it in a different manner and to seek resonance for it by means of bomb and revolver.

Photo: *Lenin, as a pupil at the gymnasium, with his family (Simbirsk, 1879)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexander was aware that this was a counsel of despair. In the last weeks of the year he still argued against the plot, saying that it was absurd, even suicidal, to engage in any political activity before one had clarified the principles on which it should be based. He felt the need for more theoretical work and for a more precise definition of aims and means. This shows him to have been perhaps more mature intellectually than were the other would-be conspirators, though most of them were a few years his senior. But they answered his scruples with a telling reproach: Are we going to sit back, arms folded, while our friends and colleagues are victimized and while the nation at large is being oppressed and stultified? To engage now, they said, in the elaboration of theoretical principles would amount to surrender. Any philistine can theorize; the revolutionary has to fight. This was, of course, the voice of inexperience and impatience, the voice of youth. Alexander's sense of revolutionary honor was sensitive to it, and against his better knowledge he yielded: no, he would not sit back, arms folded.

[AN ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE TSAR]

IT WAS ALREADY JANUARY 1887 when the conspirators formed the clandestine body that undertook to make the attempt on the Tsar's life. Altogether 15 people participated in the plot: nine students, one graduate of the Theological Academy of St. Petersburg, one apothecary, one man of undefined occupation, and three women—two midwives and a schoolmistress. The weakness of the group was so obvious even to its members that they did not pretend to form a new party, but modestly described themselves merely as "the terroristic section" of the Narodnaya Volya. They saw themselves as the continuators of the work of Andrei Zhelyabov, Sophie Perovskaya and Nicolai Kibalchich, the assassins of Alexander II. The leader of the group was 24-year-old student Pyotr Shevyrev and its most energetic members were Alexander and Osipanov. . . .

Shevyrev and Alexander were in some disagreement. Alexander demanded a more careful check of the character and credentials of members and was in favor of restricting the circle even further. He was overruled. Two of the participants, admitted despite his objections, were later to break down and betray their comrades. It is tempting to see in Alexander's attitude an anticipation of Lenin's restrictive definition of the membership of a clandestine party, the famous Paragraph One of the party statutes that was to lead, 16 years later, to the momentous split between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks. The analogy may be far-fetched, for the circumstances in which the two brothers acted and the context in which they argued were vastly different; but it is quite possible that the memories of the tragic collapse of the organization to which Alexander belonged colored somewhat the manner in which his younger brother was to treat the problem of membership in a clandestine party.

The conspirators resolved to kill the Tsar on 1 March 1887, the sixth anniversary of the assassination of Alexander II. They left themselves less than two months for their preparations: any terroristic conspiracy is usually beset by contradictory dangers of hasty improvisation and lengthy arrangements which give the police a greater chance of detecting the plot. Undoubtedly the date of 1 March, with its symbolic content, fascinated Zhelyabov's successors. But they were short not only of time—they had no experience, no detailed plan of action, no technical resources. They were bound to fail.

Alexander was full of foreboding but he could not contract out. He was not to participate directly in the assault on the Tsar; Generalov, Andreyushkin, Osipanov and one or two other students were assigned to throw the bombs and fire the shots. But Alexander's role was crucial. He drafted the programme that was to explain to the people the purpose of the conspiracy; he was also to manufacture the bombs. The group was penniless—Alexander himself had pawned his gold medal for a hundred roubles so that Govorukhin could go abroad—and they had no means of obtaining the explosives. Weeks passed before Pilsudski was able eventually to bring nitric acid from Vilna and before they managed to buy two second-hand revolvers. The explosives turned out to be too weak; the revolvers did not fire. Just as fatal was the innocence of one of the conspirators who in a letter to a friend in Kharkov let himself go with an exalted, almost dithyrambic, justification of revolutionary terrorism. The police intercepted the letter, arrested the addressee, obtained from him the writer's name and began to watch him just before the end of February. On the last day of the month they saw him and his comrades at the Nevski Prospect carrying some parcels. On the next day the police, noticing the same men with their parcels at the same place, arrested them and marched them off to the nearest police station. And so they went, carrying the bombs and the revolvers; little did the captors know what was in the "parcels." But at the station one of the conspirators tried to make use of their "arms": he threw the bomb, but it failed to explode. At the interrogation Kancher and Gorkun revealed the names of other members of "The Terroristic Section of the Narodnaya Volya."

[THE LEADER OF THE CONSPIRACY]

ALEXANDER WAS ARRESTED immediately. A search was carried out in his room. Anna, who had not been initiated into the plot and had no inkling of it, was arrested when she came to visit her brother on the very same day. It seems that without any hesitation Alexander made up his mind to take upon himself the whole burden of responsibility and to save as many of his comrades as he could. At the preliminary interrogation he said what he was to state later at the trial: "I was one of the first who had the idea to form a terroristic group and I played the most active part in its organization. . . . As to my moral and intellectual commitment in this affair—that has been complete. I have given to it all my ability, all my knowledge and all the force of my convictions." He had no illusions about his fate: "I wanted to kill a man; that means that now I may be killed," he said during one of his last meetings with his mother. With clear-sighted passion he embraced his martyrdom.

It took a few days before the news of Alexander's and Anna's arrests reached Simbirsk. A relative of the Bick family informed Kashkadamova, asking her to break the news to the mother. Kashkadamova seems to have lacked the courage; she got in touch with Volodya, who came straight from school. He read the letter from Petersburg in concen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tration and silence: "In front of me there sat no longer a heedless, joyful boy but a grown-up man, thinking deeply about a grave subject. 'This is serious,' he said, 'it may end badly for Sasha,' " recollects Kashkadamova. An hour later she was to face Marya Alexandrovna who, pale and grave, ran through the letter. She asked Kashkadamova to look after the children in her absence: she was leaving immediately for St. Petersburg. Volodya booked a seat for his mother on the coach to Syzran; it was in vain that he knocked on the doors of friends and neighbors to beg someone to accompany her on the journey. No one volunteered to travel with the regicide's mother even as far as the railway station; and so the widow left Simbirsk alone to fight for the life of her first-born.

In St. Petersburg she spent nearly a month in the corridors of police headquarters and in the antechambers of the public prosecutor, begging to be allowed to see her imprisoned children. On 30 March she saw Alexander for the first time. He wept and embraced her knees; and, imploring her to forgive him the grief he had caused her, said, "Apart from the duty towards one's family, one has a duty towards one's country," adding that every honest man must fight against the lawlessness and tyranny that oppress the nation. When she objected to the "dreadful means" to which the conspirators had resorted, he replied, "But what could one do when there were no other means?" He tried to prepare her for the worst and talked about the consolation she would find in the happier fate of the other children. She still tried to save him and knocked on all the doors of Authority. Just before the trial she returned to Simbirsk for a day or two and told Kashkadamova that she expected a sentence of life-long *katorga* (penal servitude); she planned to move to Siberia to be as near Alexander as possible. She would take her younger children with her, she said, and the older ones would manage on their own.

Alexander went on relentlessly to meet his destiny. Fearing that none of his comrades might be equal to the task of proclaiming their principles from the dock, he took this upon himself; he faced the judges as the leader of the conspiracy, and the court and the defendants accepted him as such. The proceedings opened on 15 April 1887—three days after his 21st birthday—and lasted until the 19th. The trial was held *in camera;* only the closest relatives of the defendants were admitted. One of the survivors of the group, the graduate in Divinity, was to recollect that in the dock Alexander was just as calm as he used to be at students' meetings. He had taken his last, irrevocable decision. To Lukashevich, whose nerves were shaky, he managed to whisper, "You may talk against me if this can help you." According to another survivor, the whole attention of those present and of the court was concentrated on Alexander. "Why," he was asked, "did you not try to escape abroad?" "I did not want to escape—I would rather die for my country," he replied. Even the prosecutor paid a grudging tribute to his heroism and devotion to the cause: "Ulyanov takes upon himself many deeds of which he is in fact not guilty." His mother attended one session of the court and said later, "I was surprised to hear how well Sasha spoke: so convincingly, so eloquently. I did not think that he could speak like that. But my grief was so maddening that I could not listen to him too long; I had to leave."

IN HIS STATEMENT of principles, which he made on 18 April, he spoke of the vague feeling of dissatisfaction which had been gradually mounting in him since his early youth. But only the study of social and economic affairs gave him the deep conviction that the existing order of things was not normal; then his vague dreams about freedom, equality and brotherhood assumed strictly scientific—that is, socialist—forms. "I understood that it was not only possible but necessary to change the social order." Echoing Marx and Plekhanov, he said, "Every country develops spontaneously, according to definite laws, goes through strictly determined phases and inevitably achieves social [i.e., socialistic] organization. This is the inevitable

result of the existing order and of those contradictions which are inherent in it."

He posed the question of the individual's role in the transformation of society, saying that it was not in the power of one man to change the natural course of history—the individual could only put his intellectual resources at the service of an ideal and help make society aware of its condition and its tasks. He then expressed his views, which, on the face of it, should have prevented him from participating in the conspiracy: as any change in the social order can result only from a change in the consciousness of the society, there existed only one "correct method" to bring about that change, and that was propaganda of ideas by means of the printed word. "But as all theoretical reflection led me to this conclusion, life was proving with object lessons that under the existing conditions it was impossible to take that road." With the government's attitude towards intellectual life, it was impossible to propagate not only socialist but

Photo: *Lenin as a pupil at the gymnasium (Simbirsk, 1887)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even "general cultural" ideas. He found it extremely difficult to engage even in "scientific analysis of the problems."

He went on to delve into the state of Russian society and its inability to assert itself against the autocratic state. He spoke of the special responsibility of the educated people, who represented the nation's consciousness and conscience and who alone had it in themselves to challenge the powers that be and to advance the ideas that lead to the transformation of society. But "our intelligentsia is so weak physically and so unorganized that at the present time they cannot enter into any open struggle; only in a terroristic form can they defend their right to think and to participate in social life. Terror is that form of struggle which has been created by the 19th century, the only form of self-defense

to which a minority, strong only through its spiritual force and the awareness of its righteousness, can resort against the majority's awareness of physical force." Again and again he underlined that the use of terror was not a matter of premeditation and free choice, but a bitter necessity: "Of course, terror is not the intelligentsia's weapon in organized struggle. It is only a road which particular individuals take spontaneously when their discontent reaches extremity. Thus viewed, terrorism is an expression of the popular struggle and will last as long as the nation's needs are not satisfied. . . ."

The official report of the trial was published only after 1917. Yet in spite of the secrecy of the proceedings, the people of the time knew a great deal about its course, and Alexander's statement, his arguments and the manner in which he expounded them were spread widely by word of mouth. His stand in the dock was so evocative of the heroism of the martyrs of 1881 that Alexander himself was indeed compared to Zhelyabov. The conspiracy was usually referred to as "the case of Alexander Ulyanov and comrades." The death sentence was passed in the last week of April, but Marya Alexandrovna was still trying to get the sentence commuted; she went to her son's cell to beg him to ask for mercy. "I cannot do that after all I have said in court. This would be false," was Alexander's answer. On 8 May 1887, Alexander was hanged. Marya Alexandrovna learned about the execution from a newspaper bought on the way to another prison to visit Anna.

[AN EXCEPTIONAL STUDENT]

AT SIMBIRSK, VLADIMIR Ulyanov was graduating from the gymnasium. . . . Vladimir wrote his first final examination paper on Pushkin's *Boris Godunov* on 5 May, three days before his brother's execution. On the day Alexander went to the gallows, Vladimir sat over the mathematical papers. "We were all terribly agitated," recollects a schoolmate. "Only Vladimir Ulyanov, seated behind his desk, wrote calmly and unhurriedly. . . . We were given only six hours for doing our papers. . . . Vladimir Ilyich was finishing and delivering his work earlier than the rest of us and was the first to leave the examination hall. . . ." The newspapers reporting the execution had already reached Simbirsk when Volodya was doing his trigonometry and was translating passages from Thucydides into Russian. During a week's interval before the oral examinations, his mother came home, her hair whitened by the last few weeks. With her returned Anna, but only to leave at once for Kokushkino; she had been released on condition that she stay under police supervision at her grandfather's rural estate. Vladimir's oral examination lasted from 22 May until 6 June. Meanwhile the house and its furniture were put on sale, giving the town's gossips an excuse for coming in to gaze at the regicide's mother. Vladimir passed all tests *summa cum laude:* he was awarded his medal, but the School Council decided that it would not do to put the name "Ulyanov" in the roll of honor on the marble plaque on which the names of all previous holders of the medal were engraved.

Vladimir's behavior in these weeks shows his extraordinary self-control, but it also raises the question: just how strongly did the boy of 17, working "so calmly and unhurriedly" on his examination papers, feel about his brother and his family's tragedy? A fellow pupil of the school gives his reminiscences of a chance encounter with Volodya on the eve of one examination: "I shall never forget this warm May evening. . . . I went out for a walk along the Crown. . . . I was humming a song to myself. Passing by the summer house I noticed someone looking intently into the distant horizon beyond the Volga. Paying no attention I walked by and sang quite loudly. 'Aren't you preparing for the exams? I suddenly heard Volodya's voice. Happy to meet him, I approached him and noticed that he was peculiarly absorbed in something, and subdued. I sat next to him and began to admire the view on the Volga. Volodya remained silent and sometimes sighed deeply. 'What's the matter with you?' I asked at last. He turned his face towards me, wanted to say something but did not, and again withdrew within himself. I thought he was grieving over his father or worried

Photo: *Lenin as a university student (Samara, 1890-91)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about Alexander who, as we knew, had been arrested. I tried to dispel his anguish . . . but it was no use. I knew that Volodya was sometimes gay, but that sometimes he was unsociable and in such moments avoided talking. . . . But the evening was so still, as if nature itself wanted to calm and reassure us. I said so to Volodya. After a moment of silence he told me that on 8 May, Alexander had been put to death. I was stunned. Droopingly, slouchingly, Volodya sat next to me. Under the rush of thoughts it was impossible to speak. We sat so for a long time in silence. At last Volodya got up and, saying nothing, we went towards the town. We walked slowly. I saw Volodya's deep grief but also had the feeling that just then a spirit of firm determination welled up in him. . . . Before parting I strongly grasped his hand. He looked into my eyes, responded to the handshake and quickly turned and walked home."

From several other contemporary accounts we are given the same glimpse of the drooping, pain-stricken boy struggling to contain his feelings within himself. This ability to control strong emotions was a family trait: we have seen it in Alexander. We find it also, more surprisingly, in his sister Olga. Though a year younger than Volodya, she too sat for matriculation tests in these days; she too passed them brilliantly, and was awarded the gold medal. "She kept on coming to school. . . . her self-control was amazing; she was as if turned into a stone," says one of her friends. She fainted, however, during a service to the memory of a headmistress which took place on 9 May. "Recovering, she said to me, 'Katya, yesterday he was executed.' She said only this. . . ." And in her home, now put up for auction, Marya Alexandrovna, dressed in black but erect and with dry eyes, was meeting the curious and the inquisitive with the icy question: "Which piece of furniture do you wish to buy?"

[THE MAKING OF A REVOLUTIONARY]

IN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS and years Vladimir was to think deeply about Alexander's fate, scrutinize his experience and draw from it a moral for himself. It would be idle to speculate whether he would ever have decided to become a revolutionary if Alexander's martyrdom had not given a completely new direction to his life and thought. There never was in Tsarist Russia any lack of reasons which impelled young men from the intelligentsia to struggle against the existing social order; these reasons were decisive for Vladimir Ulyanov too. However, at the moment of Alexander's death, he was still very far from the idea that he too might become a revolutionary. Up to 1 March 1887 he had been engrossed in the writings of great poets and novelists, in the masters of Greek and Latin prose and, to some extent, in history. Politics or political economy had not even begun to engage his attention. Contemporary social affairs were as remote to him as they could be to any apolitical youngster. Leading a sheltered existence, successful at school, finding delight in the play of his expanding intellect and preparing for what everybody expected to be the great academic career of a classical scholar—hardly anything in his behavior indicated that Vladimir Ulyanov might presently break out of this frame of mind and begin to search for roads to revolution.

Only under the shock of Alexander's fate did the world

of Volodya's childhood and adolescence collapse. Only then was his mind suddenly plunged into social and political issues, and his own destiny began to take on an unexpected shape. The medium of intimate personal experience made articulate to Vladimir the general cause for revolution in Russia—as if the conditions of Russian society had refracted themselves through the family tragedy. And so, although one may assume that Vladimir Ulyanov would have become Lenin even if his brother had not died on the gallows, there can be no doubt about the impact of Alexander's martyrdom on Lenin's early development as a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

revolutionary.

Lenin himself was aware of this and very briefly spoke about it to his wife and sisters; all the more significant is the circumstance that throughout his political career he never evoked in public, or even mentioned, his brother's life or death. The name of Alexander does not occur in any of Lenin's books, articles, speeches, or even in his letters to mother and sisters. In all the 55 volumes of the latest and most complete Russian edition of his *Works*, Alexander is mentioned almost incidentally and only twice: in a purely factual statement in which Lenin answers a questionnaire (never completed or sent out), and in a letter in which Lenin, in 1921, recommends a certain Chebotarev: "I have known Chebotarev," wrote Lenin, "from the 1880s in connection with the case of [my] elder brother, Alexander Ilyich Ulyanov, hanged in 1887. Chebotarev is undoubtedly an honest man." The omission of the "my" in the sentence is characteristic. So extraordinary a reticence could not be ascribed to frigidity of feeling: on the contrary, it covered an emotion too deep to be uttered and too painful ever to be recollected in tranquillity.

Photo:
Lenin speaks in Teatralnaya Square to the troops leaving for the front to fight the Polish Whites (Moscow, May 5, 1920)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[SOLEDAD] *Continued from page 31*

cleanser powder, crushed glass, spit, urine and feces while the officials stood by and laughed."

For many months prior to January 1970, inmates of "O" wing had not been permitted to exercise in groups. The deputy superintendent of Soledad, who has called "O" wing "a prison within a prison," explained that "difficulties between inmates had occurred, and fights–serious fights, assaults, assaults without weapons, assaults with weapons–had occurred when we attempted to permit people to exercise together." Last December, a new exercise yard was built for these inmates. It didn't open on schedule because some work remained unfinished. A black prisoner wrote, "I did notice that white inmates and officials were awfully cheerful for some reason or another and they continuously didn't forget to remind us of the yard opening soon."

In the second week of January, 13 inmates were skin-searched–stripped, their clothes examined, their buttocks parted and searched for concealed weapons. The guards found no weapons and allowed them into the yard. No guards went with them, but Guard O. G. Miller, known to be an expert marksman, was stationed in a tower 13 feet over the yard, armed with at least one loaded carbine.

Predictably, black and white inmates began to fight in the yard. Without a warning the guard in the tower fired four shots. Three blacks–Alvin Miller, Cleveland Edwards, and W. L. Nolen–were fatally wounded, and one white was shot in the groin. At least one of the blacks remained alive and moving. His friends wanted to get him to the prison hospital as fast as they could.

"I looked at the tower guard," one of them later explained, "and he was aiming the gun toward me and I thought then that he meant to kill me too, so I moved from the wall as he fired and went over to stand over inmate X, all the while looking the guard in the gun tower in the face. He aimed the gun at me again and I just froze and waited for him to fire, but he held his fire. After I saw he was not going to fire I pointed to where inmate X lay, with two other black inmates bending over him, and started to walk to him very slowly. The inmate I had played handball with suggested that I take inmate X to the hospital so I kneeled so inmate X could be placed on my shoulder, then started to walk toward the door through which we had entered the yard, and the tower guard pointed the gun at me and shook his head. I stopped and begged him for approximately ten minutes to let me take X to the hospital but all he did was shake his head. Then I started forward with tears in my eyes, expecting to be shot down every second. The tower guard told me, 'That's far enough.' Then another guard gave me permission to bring X off the yard and I was ordered to lay him on the floor in the officer's area and go to my cell."

By the time this drama was completed, the wounded man was dead.

Why were these three black men shot? W. L. Nolen had been known throughout the prison as a tough man who had maintained his identity and his pride. Cleveland Edwards, in jail for the political crime of assaulting a police officer, had also been a visible black leader. Alvin Miller had been neither militant nor a leader, but he closely resembled the ranking Black Panther in Soledad, Earl Satcher, who was also in the exercise yard at the time of the shooting. Nolen had known that he was marked for death. He had told his father so during a recent visit. The father had tried to see the warden in order to arrange protection for his son, but the warden had been "too busy" to see him. Miller also had had a premonition of death, perhaps because of the taunting he had received from whites about the opening of the yard. One week before it opened, he wrote a farewell letter to his mother.

In a civil rights suit filed in Federal Court against prison officials Cletus Fitzharris, Superintendent; William Black, Deputy Superintendent; Clement Swagerty, Associate Warden; and O. G. Miller, Guard, attorney Melvin Belli states that "O. G. Miller maliciously shot and killed W. L. Nolen, Alvin Miller and Cleveland Edwards, because of his general hatred of persons of African descent and because of his particular hatred of one of the decedents, W. L. Nolen, who had struck O. G. Miller during a previous altercation between the two. . . .

"[Miller] knew that the possibility of serious bodily injury or death from the engaging in fisticuffs was minimal and that his shooting at the decedents' vital parts would almost certainly cause their death or serious bodily injury; yet he made the deliberate choice to shoot."

The suit further charges that prison officials "fostered" extreme racial tension in the prison by maintaining rigid segregation of the races; that they knew O. G. Miller to be prejudiced against blacks; that they did not arrange for prompt treatment of the injured prisoners and so they are responsible for the deaths.

After these killings, the already tense atmosphere at Soledad became explosive. When the Monterey County Grand Jury held hearings at the prison to decide if charges should be filed against O. G. Miller, no blacks who had been in the yard were permitted to testify, although some whites were. As they were being walked over to appear before the Grand Jury, they were reminded by guards, "Remember, there *was* a warning shot."

SHORTLY AFTER THE PRISON radio broadcast to the inmates at Soledad that Officer O. G. Miller had been exonerated of the murder of the three black inmates, a white guard named John V. Mills was found dying in "Y" wing. He had been beaten and thrown from a third floor tier down into the television room 30 feet below.

Deputy Superintendent William Black stated, "We believe that the death of Officer Mills was reprisal for the death of the three black inmates." And, as if to balance some score being kept, prison officials proceeded to find three black suspects who, they said, had killed Mills. The accused were Fleeta Drumgo, 23; John W. Clutchette, 24; and George L. Jackson, 28. Tall and bespectacled, Jackson handles himself well. He is serving a one-year-to-life sentence for robbery and has done ten years. Although the median sentence for that crime is two-and-a-half years, the California Adult Authority has yet to set his parole date. Like the three black inmates murdered in January, he is known throughout the prison as a black who has held onto his identity, who has refused to lower his eyes and accept indignities. Jackson was not politically aware when he entered prison, but during the past ten years he has read extensively and has understood from his prison experiences what has hap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pened to black people in America. Jackson is a writer.

His father has worked hard all his life, often holding down two jobs so that his family would have enough. He preached the traditional virtues to his children, as well as faith in the American way.

George Jackson and his mother are light-skinned. His younger brother is very light and has reddish hair. When Jackson was 15, he remembers being brought before a judge after he had piled up the family car. The judge told him that he could go far if he would behave. "Look at your little brother," said the judge, "how cute and nice he is. And your mother is a nice-looking woman. You know that families like this go farther than the real dark families and the real black people." Later George said to his mother, "Somehow I wish he'd have gone on and sent me to jail rather than say that to me." That was Jackson's first experience with "justice."

Jackson's route to Soledad is a familiar trail for blacks. Poor young black men from the ghetto in their first brush with the law are tarred with a record they would never have if they were middle-class or white. Later on they get into suspicious circumstances and are arrested on heavier charges. They plead guilty because they can't establish innocence and already have a record; they don't get the light sentence they were given to expect, and end up in prison for long stretches.

Prison is a metaphor for the larger society, and some of the most powerful and articulate black leaders have come up through prison systems—Eldridge Cleaver and Malcolm X, for example. Perhaps because the prison system forces definite choices upon black men, they have to define themselves very clearly. Jackson got into trouble while he was first at Soledad because in the television room he would not sit in the back section unofficially "reserved" for blacks. A fight broke out and authorities punished Jackson by sending him to San Quentin, where he spent two years isolated in the maximum security section.

Jackson, Drumgo and Clutchette maintain that they were nowhere near the third tier of "Y" wing when John Mills was killed, and that they are innocent. Clutchette, who was imprisoned for burglary, had already been given a parole date and was to be home on April 28. Drumgo was scheduled to appear before the Adult Authority in April and had an excellent chance of getting a release date.

Of the three inmates accused of assaulting and murdering the guard, Jackson is in a particularly strange legal situation. Because he is serving a one-year-to-life indeterminate sentence, he is considered a "lifer," and his case falls under California Penal Code Section 4500, which provides a mandatory death sentence for any lifer convicted of assaulting a non-inmate who dies within a year. So if Jackson is convicted he must be sent to the gas chamber.

AFTER THE MURDER OF the guard, all the inmates in "Y" wing were locked up and questioned for many days by guards, prison officials and the district attorney. From the beginning a terrible teamwork began to operate against the three who had been selected as victims. No defense attorneys were present at the questioning. Prison officials never notified the families of the suspects that their sons were in trouble. Jackson, for instance, had been in court twice before his mother ever heard of his situation. John Clutchette's mother was told that her son did not need a lawyer and that she need not attend his arraignment. "Your son will advise you by mail," she was told by Lieutenant Leflores of the prison staff. However, she scurried to legislators, the NAACP and other organizations, and was able to find an attorney, Floyd Silliman of Salinas, who would help her son. Clutchette, anxious after days of questioning and solitary confinement, prepared a list of witnesses who could testify to his innocence. He attempted to give this list to his mother, breaking a prison rule which forbids giving written material to anyone but an attorney—at the time, he had no attorney. The list was discovered and taken away from him; the inmates whose names were written were transferred to other prisons. Mrs. Inez Williams, mother of Fleeta Drumgo, heard about the guard's death on the radio and phoned the prison to see whether her son was in any way involved. Prison officials assured her that the investigation was "routine" and that she had no need for worry. "The prison gets the parents' consent for having a tooth pulled, and informs the parents of other things," she said, but she was never told her son was accused of murder.

State officials dealing with this case have been passionate in their desire to keep records secret. The Adult Authority will not let George Jackson's lawyers know how they decided his status. Prison officials won't let the lawyers see all of Jackson's files or look at any of their records about the killing of the three blacks. The State of California, as both custodian and prosecutor of the three, holds control of the witnesses and the evidence. In the person of Judge Gordon Campbell, Presiding Judge of the Superior Court of Monterey County, it is also sitting in judgment.

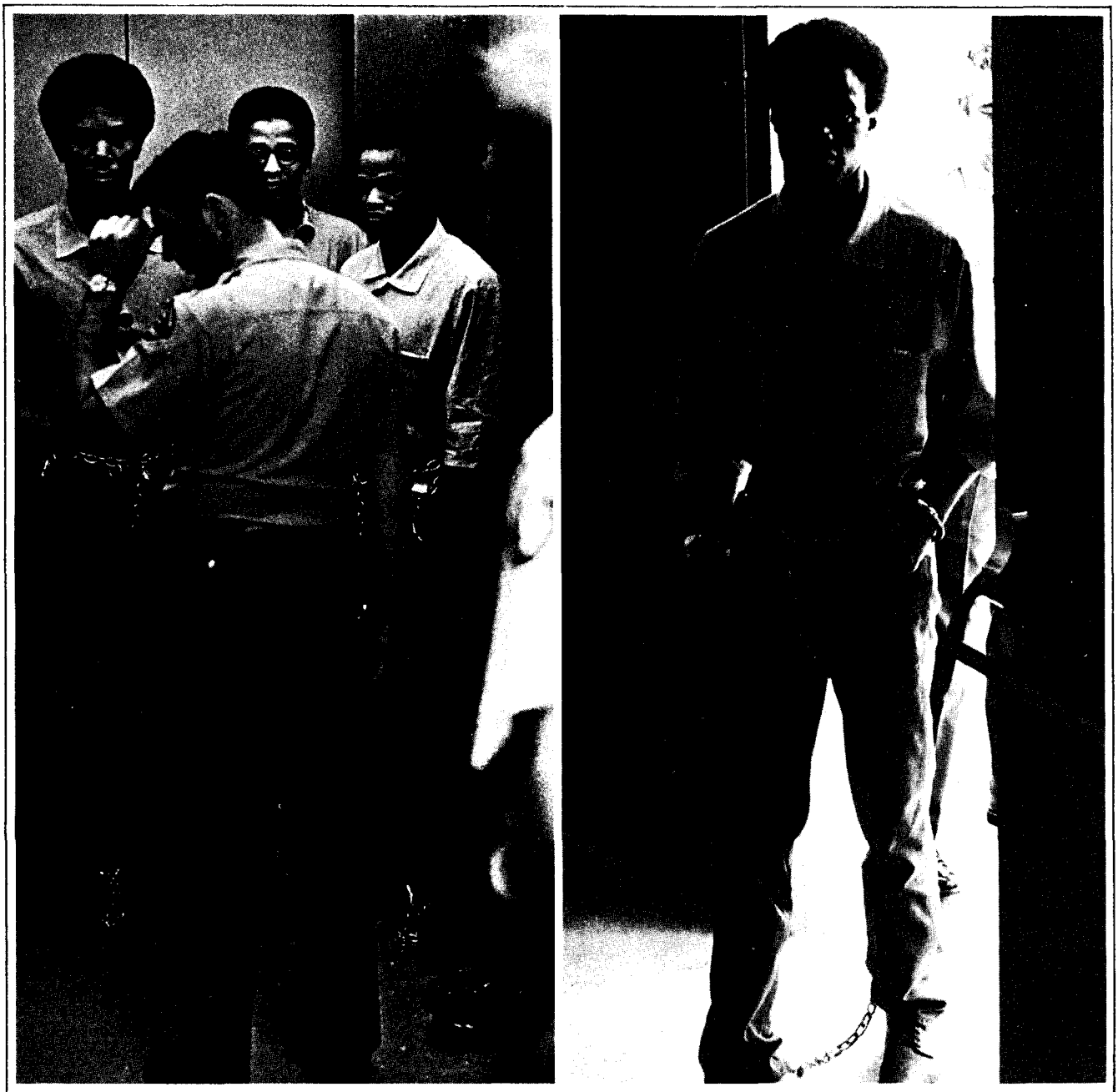
A small old man with a shiny bald head, Campbell sits high in his chair overlooking the court, his face often blank and preoccupied. At pre-trial hearings in March, April and May, he seemed like a Monterey version of Judge Julius Hoffman. At one hearing, the first to be packed with supporters and friends of the three defendants, he told the spectators that they probably would not like a visit from the bailiff and that they should sit quietly and not act as if they were "at a barbecue table or the local pool hall."

Campbell sometimes did the District Attorney's work for him; sometimes he even consulted him. He denied nearly all the motions made by the defense. In one instance, when the defense had asked to have a copy of the Manual for Correctional Officers at the prison, Campbell said to the D.A., "I presume you object to that." The D.A. nodded. "Motion denied," said Campbell, and the defense could not have the manual.

As soon as better-known Bay Area attorneys entered the case in late February, the judge issued an order forbidding them or the prosecution from making any statements to the press about matters relevant to the case. The attorneys were barred from the prison, unable to see the site of the murder until it had been remodeled, unable to interview witnesses. The prosecution, which had had unlimited access to the prison from the very start, refused to divulge the names of witnesses or their whereabouts until forced to do so by a court order obtained many weeks later.

None of the accused has been convicted of violent crimes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Left: *John Clutchette, George Jackson and Fleeta Drumgo at Monterey County Courthouse.* Right: *Fleeta Drumgo*

or of crimes against persons. Yet they have been chained and shackled whenever they speak with visitors or attorneys; they are chained and shackled even in the courtroom itself. Chains encircle their waists and hang between their legs; cuffs bind their ankles, which are chained together, and their wrists, which are chained to the waist chains. Padlocks swing as they move. In court when friends greet them with raised fists, the three lift up their fists slightly above their waists--as far as their chains allow.

In February, when the earliest court appearances took place, families and friends of the prisoners were not present. The prisoners were driven to the courthouse from prison and were marched in chains across the sidewalk through the main entrance to the courthouse while passersby hooted at them. Since that time the case has received some publicity and has attracted a concerned and sympathetic following. Now the three are driven in a station wagon which has had special screens constructed to fit over the windows so that neither people nor cameras can intrude; they are driven directly into the basement garage of the courthouse and hustled upstairs through corridors where the public cannot go. Thus the men, who spend their other hours in solitary confinement, cannot even glimpse the crowd of their well-wishers.

People are beginning to find out who the Soledad Brothers are, and they're learning a little about what California prisons are like. But bitter winds of repression are blowing once again inside Monterey County, and it is likely that the three men will be on Max Row for a long time to come.

Photographs by Dan O'Neill

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George Jackson is one of the Soledad Brothers.
The following excerpts are from writings he has done in prison which chronicle his political and intellectual development.

DOWN HERE WE HEAR relaxed, matter-of-fact conversations centering around how best and in what order to "kill all the nation's niggers." It's not the fact that they consider killing me that upsets me; they've been "killing all the niggers" for nearly half a millenium now, but I am still alive, I might be the most resilient dead man in the universe. The upsetting thing is that in their plans they never take into consideration the fact that I am going to resist. Do they honestly believe that shit, is what I ask myself. They do. That's what they think of us, that they have beaten and conditioned all the defense and attack reflexes out of us. That the region of the mind that stores the principles upon which men base their rationale to resist, is missing in us. Don't they talk of concentration camps? Don't they state that it couldn't happen in the U.S. because the fascists here are "nice" fascists—not because it's impossible to incarcerate 30 million resisters, but because they are humane imperialists, enlightened fascists.

Well, they've made a terrible mistake. I recall the day I was born, the first day of my generation. It was during the second (and most destructive) capitalist World War for colonial privilege, early on a rainy Wednesday morning, late September, Chicago. It happened to me in a little fold-into-the-wall bed in a little half-flat on Racine and Lake; Dr. Rogers attended. The "L" train that rattled by within 15 feet of our front windows (the only two windows) screamed in at me like the Banshee, portentous of pain and death; threatening and imminent. The first motion that my eyes focused on was this pink hand swinging in a wide arc in the general direction of my Black ass. I stopped that hand, the left downward block, and countered the right needle finger to the eye—I was born with my defense-attack reflexes well developed.

It's going to be "Kill me if you can,"fool, not "Kill me if you please."

But let them make their plans on the supposition, "like slave, like son." I'm not going for it though, and they've made my defense easier. A cop gives the keys to a group of right-wing cons; they're going to open our cells—one at a time—all over the building. They don't want to escape or deal with the men who hold them here, they can solve their problems only if they kill all of us—think about that—these guys live a few cells from me. None of them have ever lived, most are state-raised in institutions like this one, they have nothing coming, nothing at all, they have nothing at stake in this order of things. In defending right-wing ideals and the status quo they're saying in effect that 99 years and a dark day in prison is their idea of fun; most are in and out, and mostly in, all of their life. The periods that they pass on the outside are considered "runs"; simply stated, they consider the periods spent in the joint more natural, more in keeping with their tastes. Well, I understand their condition, and I know how they got that way, and I could honestly sympathize with them if they were not so wrong, so stupid, as to let the pigs use them—sounds like Germany of the '30s and '40s to me. It's the same on the outside there; the pigs who murdered Fred Hampton—I'll venture to say that there's not one piece of stock, not one bond, owned by anyone in any of their families. They organize marches around the country, marches and demonstrations in support of total, immediate destruction of Vietnam, and afterward no one is able to pick up the tab.

The fascists, it seems, have a standard M.O. for dealing with the lower classes. Actually, oppressive power throughout history has used it; they turn a man against himself—think of all the innocent things that make us feel good, but that make some of us also feel guilty, think here of how the people of the lower classes weigh themselves against the men who rule. Consider the con, going through the courts on a capital offense, who supports capital punishment. I swear I heard something just like that today. Look how long Hershey ran the Selective Military Bureau. Blacks embrace capitalism, the most unnatural and outstanding example of man against himself that history can offer; after the Civil War, when the form of slavery changed from chattel to economic slavery, when we were thrown onto the labor market to compete, at a disadvantage, with poor whites, and *ever since that time,* our principal enemy must be isolated and identified as "Capitalism."

* * *

MY FATHER IS IN HIS FORTIES today; 35 years ago he was living through his most formative years. He was a child of the "great" Depression. I want you to notice for later reference that I emphasize and differentiate "great" Depression. There were many more international, national and regional depressions during the period in history relevant to this comment. . . .

My father developed his character, conventions, convictions, his traits, his life style, out of a situation that began with his mother running out. She left him and his oldest brother on the corner of one of the canyons in East St. Louis; they raised themselves—in the streets, on a farm somewhere in Louisiana, in CCC [Civilian Conservation Corps] camps. My father had no formal education at all (he taught himself the essentials later on). Alone, in the most hostile jungle on earth, ruled over by the King of Beasts, a rabid beast, long gone mad, and in the first throes of a bloody and protracted death. Alone, in the most savage moment in history, without arms, and burdened by a Black face that he's been hiding ever since.

I love this Brother, my father, and when I use the word "love" in these comments I am not making an attempt at rhetoric. I am attempting to express a refulgent, unrestrained emanation from the deepest, most durable region of my soul, an unshakable thing that I have never questioned. But no one can come through the ordeal of being, when he did, without suffering the penalty of psychosis; it was the price of survival. I would venture that there are no healthy Brothers of his generation, *none at all.*

He has reached the prime of life without ever showing in my presence (or anywhere, to my knowledge) an overt manifestation of *real* sensitivity, affection or sentiment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He has lived his entire life in a state of shock. Nothing can touch him now; his calm is complete, his immunity to pain is total. When I can fix his eyes—which is not often, since when they aren't closed they are shaded—but when I can fix them, staring back at me is the expressionless mask of the Zombie.

But he must have loved us, of this I am certain. Part of the credo of the neo-slave, the latter-day slave, who is free to move from place to place if he can come by the means, is to shuffle away from any situation that becomes too difficult. But he stayed with us, worked 16 hours a day, after which he would eat, bathe and sleep—period. He has never owned more than two pair of shoes in his life and in the time I was living with him never more than one suit, never took a drink, never went to a nightclub, expressed no feelings about such things, and never once reminded any of us, or so it seemed, never expected any notice of the fact that he was giving us all of the life force that the monster-machine had left to him. The part the machine seized, that death of the spirit visited upon him by a world he never influenced, was mourned by us, and most certainly by me, but no one ever made a real effort to give him solace; how do you console a man who is unapproachable?

HE CAME TO VISIT ME when I was in San Quentin. He was in his forties then, too, an age in men when they have grown full. I had decided to reach for my father, to force him with my revolutionary dialectic to question some of the mental barricades he'd thrown up to protect his body from what was for him an undefinable and omnipresent enemy. An enemy that would starve his body, expose it to the elements, chain his body, jail it, club it, rip it, hang it, electrify it and poison gas it. I would have him understand that although he had saved his body he had done so at a terrible cost to his mind. I felt that if I could superimpose the explosive doctrine of self-determination through people's government and revolutionary culture upon what remained of his mind, draw him out into the real world, isolate and identify his real enemies, if I could hurl him through Fanon's revolutionary catharsis, I would be serving him, the people, the historical obligation.

San Q was in the riot season. It was early January 1967. The pigs had for the last three months been on a search-and-destroy foray into our cells. All times of the day or night our cells were being invaded by the goon squad: you wake up, take your licks, get skin-searched and wait on the tier, naked, while they mangle your few personal effects. This treatment, fear therapy, was not accorded to all, however—to some Chicanos in for dope, to some whites in for extortionate activities; but mostly, it came down on us. For general principles. Rehabilitational terror. Each new pig must go through a period of in-service training where he learns the Gestapo arts, the full range of anti-body tactics that he will be expected to use on the job. Part of this in-service training is a crash course in close-order combat, where the pigs are taught how to use club and sap, how to form and use the simpler karate hands, where to hit a man for the best (or worst, depending) effect.

The new pigs usually have to serve a period on the goon squad before they fall into their regular role on the animal farm. They are always anxious to try their new skills—"to see if it really works"; we were always forced to do something to slow them down, to demonstrate that violence was a two-edged sword. The Brothers wanted to protest. The usual protest was to strike, a work stoppage, closing the sweatshops, where industrial products are worked up for $.02 an hour. (Some people get $.04 after they've been on the job for six months.) The outside interests who made the profits didn't dig strikes; that meant the captain didn't like them either, since it meant pressure on him from these free-enterprising politically connected . . .

On the occasion I wish to relate, my father had driven all night from LA alone; he had not slept more than a couple of hours in the last 48.

WE SHOOK HANDS and the dialectic began, him listening, me scorning the diabolical dog, capitalism. Didn't it raise pigs and murder Vietnamese? Didn't it glut some and starve most of us? Didn't it build housing projects that resemble prisons, and luxury hotels and apartments that resemble the Hanging Gardens, on the same street? Didn't it build a hospital and then a bomb? Didn't it erect a school and then open a whorehouse? Build an airplane to sell a tranquilizer tablet? For every church, didn't it construct a prison? For each new medical discovery, didn't it produce as a by-product ten new biological warfare agents? Didn't it aggrandize men like Hunt and Hughes, and dwarf you?

He said, "Yes, but what can we do? There's too many of the bastards." His eyes shaded over and his mind went into a total regression, a relapse back through time, space, pain, neglect, a thousand "dreams deferred," broken promises, forgotten ambitions; back through the hundreds of "renewed hopes shattered," to a time when he was young, roaming the Louisiana countryside for something to eat. He talked for ten minutes of things that were not in the present, people that I didn't know—"We'll have to take (something) back to Aunt Bell"—places that we had never seen together; he called me by his brother's name twice. I was so shocked I could only sit and blink; this was the guy who took nothing seriously, the level-headed, practical "Negro," work-a-day, never complain, cool, smooth, colored gentleman. They have driven him to the abyss of madness; just behind the white veneer waits the awesome, vindictive, Black madness. There are a lot of Blacks living in his generation, the one of the Great Depression, when it was no longer possible to maintain the Black self by serving. Even that had dried up; Blacks were beaten and killed for jobs like porter, bell-boy, stoker, pearl diver and bootblack. My clenched fist goes up for them; I forgive them, I understand. And if they will stop their collaboration with the fascist enemy, stop it now, and support our revolution, with just a nod, we'll forget and forgive you for casting us naked into a grim and deleterious world.

Eve Pell is a free-lance journalist and co-author, with Paul Jacobs and Saul Landau, of To Serve the Devil, *a history of minority races in America.*

Contributions to the Soledad Brothers Defense Fund may be sent to P.O. Box 31306, San Francisco, Ca. 94131.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[CAMBODIA] *Continued from page 34*

million, the policy of urbanization has produced over 700,000 refugees and, under Nixon, bombing has increased sevenfold, to 27,000 sorties per month. In Cambodia, where the U.S. and its allies are unable to tie down several hundred thousand troops and where the population is already hostile, forced urbanization is perfect—especially since the terrain, unlike that of Laos, is flat and without natural protection from bombing. The saturation bombing that preceded the U.S. invasions (raids of 100 B-52s) may be a portent of things to come. Nixon is clearly in a bind to end the war—one way or another—within the near future. As the Lon Nol regime crumbles further and the anti-American forces gain more control of the countryside, Nixon will be forced to pull out or escalate further.

ARMED STRUGGLE, LED from the underground, is the only path that will lead our people to victory and will permit its ideals to triumph," urged the deposed Prince Norodom Sihanouk after calling for a National United Front (NUF) to liberate Cambodia. That armed struggle is now under way, led by the still popular Sihanouk and his former Khmer Rouge antagonists, Hu Nim, Khieu Samphan and Hou Youn. Their strategy is one of protracted war. Khmer Rouge, Cambodian Vietnamese and a few NLF and North Vietnamese cadres are attacking government outposts and taking towns and villages. More important, they are equipping and training the peasants to fight for themselves as part of the NUF. Even though North Vietnamese troops could easily have overrun the country and set up their own puppet government, the NUF, with North Vietnamese support, seems intent on organizing the countryside first, and only then seizing control of Phnom Penh and the government.

The NUF forces apply this same people's war strategy in their attacks. In mid-April, small NLF forces, with an undetermined amount of support from pro-Sihanouk Cambodians, seized Angtassom, the scene of an earlier massacre of pro-Sihanouk people and a town embarrassingly close to the capital. Demonstrating both its ineffectiveness as a military force and its unerring ability to alienate the local population, the Cambodian Army surrounded the town in overwhelming numbers, called in air strikes, fired mortars and automatic weapons into the town and finally encircled it, leaving a convenient hole through which the guerrillas could escape. When the offensive finally came, the guerrillas had gone, leaving the town untouched and allowing the local inhabitants to flee. By contrast, the Cambodian troops, according to Allman, entered the town and, finding the shops in the market neatly shut and locked from the outside, proceeded to loot and burn them. By the time the Cambodian troops were finished, about 40 per cent of the town had been razed. While the government claimed that the NUF had attacked to replenish their supplies, at Angtassom, as at every other NUF halt in Cambodia, the communist troops seemed more interested in giving political lectures than in taking anything from the inhabitants. They left rice warehouses untouched and, according to one villager, even "turned down a chicken I offered them, saying they carried their own food with them."

By late May the NUF already claimed to have liberated hundreds of villages, representing a population of more than one million (out of a total of seven million). They controlled the provincial capitals of Kratie, Mondolkiri and Stung Treng, and have attacked government troops in the capitals of Kompong Cham, Prey Veng, Takeo, Kampot and Rattanakiri. Fifteen of the 19 Cambodian provinces have either military operations, people's uprisings or an established revolutionary power. In liberated regions the population reportedly has established local NUF committees and has "established the political power of the people."

IN ITS PROGRAM, THE NUF stresses one principal task: the unification of all classes, including the national bourgeoisie, against the invasion of the Americans and South Vietnamese and the government of Lon Nol. The program calls for modernization of the country, maintenance of a neutral foreign policy, and the guarantee of those rights generally associated with middle-class democracy—freedom of speech, the right to vote, religious freedom, sexual equality and the rights of ownership of land and property. The program makes no mention of socialism, and except for guaranteeing peasants the right of ownership of the land they cultivate, seems no more revolutionary than FDR's "Four Freedoms."

Yet in the course of fighting "the American imperialists," their Indochinese "satellites" and their Cambodian "flunkies," the NUF seems more likely to lead a full-scale social revolution than simply to reinstate Sihanouk as the middleman in a fundamentally unbalanced social system. While the Prince still has great appeal among the tradition-minded peasantry, he has no independent organization; the Khmer Rouge are actually organizing the peasants and leading the military struggle. The entire NUF is cooperating closely with the communist-led revolutions in Laos and Vietnam, and they are receiving arms from China, despite Chinese wariness of further escalation of the Indochina war.

"We will lend you money for the affairs of your country," Sihanouk quotes Mao. "But concerning arms: we are not in the habit of selling; we are not arms peddlers. We cannot sell you arms; we can only give them to you."

Cambodia's property owners and middle-class, on the other hand, seem hardly likely, or able, to restore the pre-coup political system. A number of the aristocrats, generals and businessmen are linked so closely with Lon Nol that most of their countrymen clearly see them as traitors. Other aristocrats, still favorable to Sihanouk, are permanently losing their base of power to the Khmer Rouge. The Chinese businessmen are increasingly vulnerable and generally willing to form protective alliances with a revolutionary government. The Vietnamese shopkeepers have either been jailed or have fled. And the civil servants and office workers seem hardly strong enough to recreate Cambodia as a non-communist domino.

The road to Phnom Penh is still hard, blocked by Lon Nol, the Khmer Serai and the Khmer Krom, the CIA and the Pentagon, the Thais and the South Vietnamese. But when the NUF finally gets there, it will be not a coup but a social revolution.

Banning Garrett is affiliated with Pacific Studies Center as a specialist on Southeast Asia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Back-of-the-Book

HOOVER DAMNED

HOOVER'S FBI: THE MAN AND THE MYTH. *By William W. Turner. Sherbourne Press, 1970. $7.50.*

THE FBI, PERHAPS more than any other governmental institution, has acquired a great mythic potency in the minds of most Americans. For the "silent majority," Hoover and his agency stand out as tough, efficient and incorruptible against a tide of turmoil and disillusionment. For the left, too, the image of the FBI is tremendously imposing—they view it as a practically omniscient and extremely dangerous organization, the police mechanism by which fascism will be established in America. Even critics of the FBI have tended to contribute to this mythology by focusing on the myriad ways in which the FBI curtails civil rights and on its role as the prototype of an American Gestapo.

Now William Turner, himself an ex-FBI agent, has written a new book which more than any previous report breaks through this carefully constructed facade. In its detailed accounts of the FBI's exploits, *Hoover's FBI: The Man and the Myth* reveals the FBI as a highly political and totally corrupt institution, built around the political ambitions of one man, and despite its reputation, extraordinarily inept.

For Turner, this book is the culmination of a political evolution which began in 1951, shortly after he joined the Bureau as a naive and idealistic young

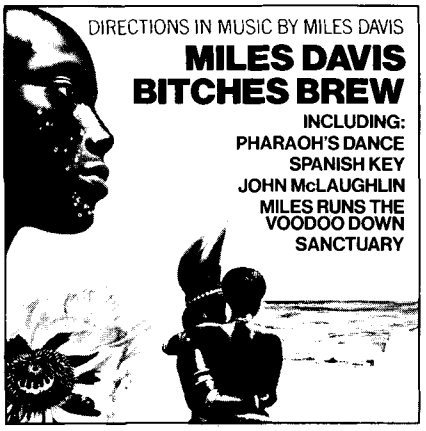
Music into Words

"COLUMBIA." MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Miles' music continues to grow in its beauty, subtlety and sheer magnificence. *Bitches' Brew* is a further extension of the basic idea he investigated in his two previous albums, *Filles De Kilimanjaro* and *In A Silent Way*. In a larger sense, however, the record is yet another step in the unceasing process of evolution Miles has undergone since the Forties. The man never stops to rest on his accomplishments. Driven forward by a creative *elan* unequaled in the history of American music, he incorporates each successive triumph into the next leap forward.

The wonderful thing about Miles' progress is that he encourages others to grow with him. Within the context of his sound there is more than enough room for both his musicians and his listeners to pursue their own special visions. Looking back on the history of Miles' ensemble, we find the likes of John Coltrane, Cannonball Adderley, Bill Evans, Tony Williams, Ron Carter, and Wayne Shorter. He always seems to select the best young jazzmen in the country and then gives them the freedom to develop their own unique modes of playing. Miles is known to be a stern disciplinarian, but never a tyrant. When a man has performed with the group long enough to gain a firm footing, he

GP-26



BITCHES' BREW, Miles Davis
On Columbia Records® and Tapes

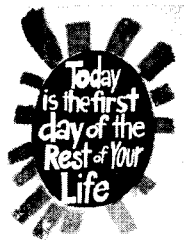
leaves as a recognized giant on his instrument.

The freedom which Miles makes available to his musicians is also there for the listener. If you haven't discovered it yet, all I can say is that *Bitches' Brew* is a marvelous place to start. This music is so rich in its form and substance that it permits and even encourages soaring flights of imagination by anyone who listens. If you want, you can experience it directly as a vast tapestry of sounds which envelop your whole being. You'll discover why fully one third of the audience at Miles' recent Fillmore West appearances left the hall in stunned silence, too deeply moved to want to stay for the other groups on the bill. As a personal matter, I also enjoy Miles' music as a soft background context for when I want to read or think deeply. In its current form, Miles' music bubbles and boils like some gigantic cauldron. As the musical ideas rise to the surface, the listener also finds his thoughts rising from the depths with a new clarity and precision. Miles is an invaluable companion for those long journeys you take into your imagination.

But don't let my cerebral bent influence your listening. Whatever your temperament, *Bitches' Brew* will reward in direct proportion to the depth of your own involvement.

LANGDON WINNER
ROLLING STONE/MAY 28, 1970

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



370. TODAY IS THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** in sunlight reds orange & yellow. 22"x32". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
608. On paper. Pub. @ $6. Only **2.98**

305. RYER. LOVERS. Silkscreen on artist **canvas.** Rich browns, golds & **tans.** 18"x29". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**
530. On paper. **2.98**

276. PICASSO. THE OLD GUITARIST. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Blues and greens. 18"x26". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**

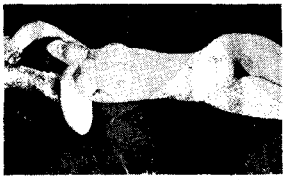
312. PICASSO. LES PETIT FLEURS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** The immortal bouquet in full color. 20"x26". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**

234. EL GRECO. VIEW OF TOLEDO Lithograph on **artist canvas.** Stormy blues & greens. Fabled Spanish city. 20"x22". Pub. @ $35. Only **9.95**

204. MODIGLIANI. SKETCH OF GIRL. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Shades of red; black lines. 18"x24". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
110. On paper. Only **2.98**

350. RYER. ETERNAL STRUGGLE. Silkscreen on **canvas** in rich tones of golden brown. 18"x24". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**
588. On paper. Only **2.98**

247. PICASSO. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Soft blues and grays with black lines. 16"x20". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
186. On paper. Only **2.98**



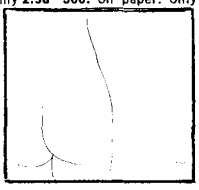
260. MODIGLIANI. RECLINING NUDE Silkscreen on **artist canvas** of the senuous figure study. Glowing flesh tones on flaming red background. Modigliani's loveliest lady in repose. One of the famous artist's most renown works. 16"x25". Pub. @ $18. Only **5.95**

369. MATISSE. THE LEAVES. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Bright blue green brown red orange & black. 24"x30". Pub. @ $18. Only **6.95**

365. RUBENS. HEAD OF A NEGRO. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** Mellow golds & browns. 18"x24". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**

325. CHABAS. SEPTEMBER MORN. Delicate lithograph on **artist canvas.** Bathing figure depicted in pale translucent sunlight colors. A classic from the Metropolitan Museum. 18"x24". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**

587. THE SILENT MAJORITY. Arlington Cemetery. Lithograph on fine art paper. Exciting full color. 22"x30". Only **2.98**



308. PICASSO. FEMME. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** of amusing drawing. Black on white. 16"x20". Pub. @ $7. Only **2.98**

265. MONET. RED POPPIES. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Full color impressionist masterpiece of figures strolling through a summer field of bright flowers . 18"x24". Pub. @ $25. Only **7.95**

367. MILLET. THE ANGELUS. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** From the Louvre. *Faithfully reproduced* in the true colors. A serene homage to man's inner strength. 20"x24". Pub. @ $20. Only **6.95**

285. HUG. THE LEOPARD. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** *The magnificent feline in* golden shades of brown, tan, yellow. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
511. On paper. Only **2.98**

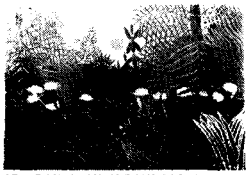
314. OROZCO. ZAPATISTAS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** *Powerful protest by the* great Mexican artist. Full vibrant color. 18"x22". Pub. @ $35. Only **9.95**

368. PICASSO. PROFILE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** *Unusually sensitive* line drawing in black on solid white. 16"x20". Pub. @ $7. Only **2.98**

196. WYETH. CHRISTINA'S WORLD. Collotype from the Museum of *Modern Art on fine art paper.* Girl in open field of grass in harvest colors. Classic American Art. 28"x40". Only **7.50**

371. WAR'S NOT HEALTHY FOR CHILDREN & OTHER LIVING THINGS. *Silkscreen on* **artist canvas.** *Sparkling* red, yellow & magenta. 22"x32". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
610. On paper. Only **2.98**

31[illegible]INCH. THE KISS [illegible]thograph on **artist** [illegible]**nvas.** Soft drawing [illegible] grays and blacks. 16"x20". Pub. @ $12. Only **4.95**



277. ROUSSEAU. VIRGIN FOREST AT SUNSET. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Bold jungle colors featuring strong greens clear yellow & sun orange. 20"x28". Pub. @ $23. Only **7.95**

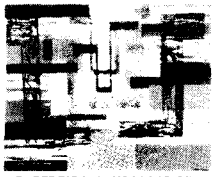
343. HUG. CHEETAH. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** In shades of brown, yellow & tan. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
575. On paper. **2.98**

254. MONET. WATER LILIES. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** in lovely shades of purple lavender & blue. Impressionist masterpiece. 22"x22". Pub. @ $20. Only **6.95**

386. LOVE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** A many splendored poster Sunny red, orange & yellow with 2240 giddy dots. 22"x32". Pub. @ $10. Only **4.95**
611. On paper. Pub. @ $6. Only **2.98**

262. HAUSMAN. A MAN AND A WOMAN. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** "Now" colors. 16"x23". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**
523. On paper. Only **2.98**

283. HUG. THE TIGER. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** The magnificent feline in golden shades of brown, tan, yellow. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
509. On paper. Only **2.98**



317. PEREIRA. LANDSCAPE OF THE ABSOLUTE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Beautiful abstract master work in various shades of blue on white. 20"x25". Pub. @ $20. Only **9.95**

266. REMBRANDT. MAN *IN A GOLDEN HELMET.* Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Browns, golds & black. 20"x27". Pub. @ $10. Only **5.95**

261. PICASSO. DON QUIXOTE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Stirring tribute to the Man of La Mancha in black & white. 18"x24". Only **2.98**

344. HUG. TIGER. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** Shades of brown, tan & yellow on red background. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
576. On paper. Only **2.98**

271. VAN GOGH. STARRY NIGHT Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Brilliant landscape of towering cypress trees against swirling starlit sky. Dazzling blues greens purples + yellow stars. 18"x24". Pub. @ $35. Only **9.95**

212. VAN GOGH. SUNFLOWERS. Silkscreen **artist canvas.** Vibrant palette of yellows greens & browns. 20"x26". Pub. @ $17. Only **6.95**

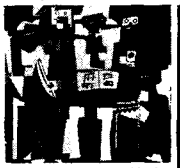
299. DAUMIER. DON QUIXOTE. Silkscr. on **canvas.** Magnificent full color. 18"x26". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**

295. RYER. SEATED NUDE. Silksc. on **canvas.** Browns, golds & yellows. 20"x32". Pub. @ 15. Only **5.95**
518. On paper. **2.98**

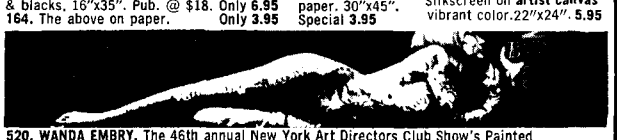
198. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR — AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen on paper. Dayglo red & black. 25"x38". A classic poster. Special **4.95**

230. PICASSO. GUERNICA. Impressive lithograph on **artist canvas.** Poignant war protest in strong tones of grays & blacks. 16"x35". Pub. @ $18. Only **6.95**
164. The above on paper. Only **3.95**

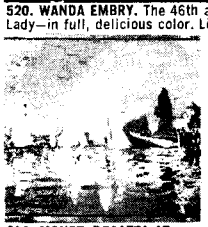
528. BEN SHAHN. POSTER. Black & brown on fine paper. 30"x45". Special **3.95**



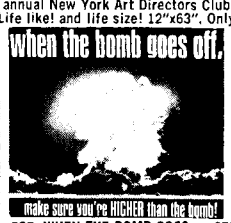
252. PICASSO. MUSICIANS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** vibrant color.22"x24". **5.95**



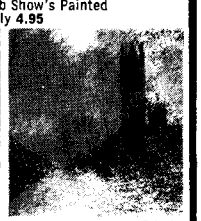
520. WANDA EMBRY. The 46th annual New York Art Directors Club Show's Painted Lady—in full, delicious color. Life like! and life size! 12"x63". Only **4.95**



269. MONET. REGATTA AT ARGENTEUIL. Silkscreen on **artist canvas,** impressionist marine colors. 18"x27". Pub. @ $25. Only **6.95**



565. WHEN THE BOMB GOES OFF. Caustic lithograph on fine coated paper in stark black & white. A topical poster. 22"x25"Only **1.98**



270. MONET. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. Silkscreen on **canvas** in full color. View from London Bridge. 20"x22". Pub. @ $20. Only **6.95**

LAMBERT FINE ART PRINTS

HAND SILK SCREEN • LITHOGRAPHS
OIL PAINT • ARTIST CANVAS • POSTERS

ORDER DIRECT FROM THE PUBLISHER & SAVE!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

$1.98 and up

LAMBERT STUDIOS: Dept. RA 31 910 N. LA CIENEGA BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CAL. 90069

Gentlemen: Please rush the prints whose numbers are circled at right. If my order totals $10 or more you will also include my FREE print of **PICASSO. DOVE IN FLIGHT. SORRY, NO C. O. D.'s.**

PRINTS ON CANVAS									
204	212	230	234	247	252	254	260	261	262
265	266	269	270	271	276	277	283	285	295
299	305	308	312	314	316	317	325	343	344
350	351	365	367	368	369	370	371	386	

PRINTS ON PAPER									
110	164	186	196	198	509	511	518	520	523
528	530	565	575	576	587	588	608	610	611

VISIT OUR STUDIO IN L.A.

The prints I have circled opposite amount to $_____

Plus sales tax (when applicable)_____

Plus Handling Charge 75¢

I enclose $_____

Please add $1.00 per print for delivery outside U.S.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

(check one) Charge my ___Bank Americard ___Master Charge ___Amer. Exp.

Write in your account #_____

Signature_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

If you are not satisfied with your order, return it within 10 days for full cash refund

FAMOUS LAMBERT GUARANTEE

FREE
if your order totals $10 or more
PICASSO. DOVE IN FLIGHT. Silkscreen on rag paper. Delicate line drawing in blue. 16"20".

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Paul Goodman

has a marvelous gift for following his thoughts into unexplored territories... Even the most casual passages... exude his familiar energy and intellectual excitement."
—*Saturday Review*

NEW REFORMATION

Notes of a Neolithic Conservative
by PAUL GOODMAN
$5.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE
Photo: Robert Anderson

What happened at Kent State has happened before.

Violence has always striped our history with blood and terror—from the Indian massacres to Watts and Jackson.

This is the saga of that ugly, vicious side of our national character.

OUR VIOLENT PAST

An American Chronicle
by IRVING J. SLOAN
Preface by Ramsey Clark, Former Attorney General of the United States. 16 pages of rare pictures. $6.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

agent. Gradually he grew more and more disenchanted; in the end, he says, "becoming to the FBI what Ralph Nader was to General Motors." Turner's attempts to reform the FBI ended with his forced resignation in 1962. A closed court case he initiated failed in its goal of bringing about congressional investigation of the FBI. Since then, Turner has carried on his fight by means of journalism.

THE FBI MYTH, as Turner's book makes clear, was not an accidental creation: it is the product of nearly half a century of masterful public relations guided by the political genius of J. Edgar Hoover. From the beginning of his directorship in 1924, Hoover realized the political power that could accrue from building an independent base of popular support. During the '30s, Hoover immortalized his "G-men" by writing lurid cops-and-robbers stories for the conservative American Magazine—stories with such titles as "King of Bandits," "Crime's Leading Lady" and "Buzzard in Disguise"—and posing for publicity shots with submachine gun in hand.

Through the years, Hoover has built the FBI myth in large part by focusing the Bureau's energies on "amateur" criminals and deftly refraining from attacks on organized crime. The great bulk of FBI cases concerns such small-time offenses as interstate auto theft, interstate flight to avoid prosecution, and bank robbery—all of which are usually committed by unprofessional criminals: poor people, often black, who are not protected by an organization and who lack sophisticated resources and techniques for avoiding capture.

To this day, the month of May sees FBI agents scurrying about under instructions to make a series of quicky arrests for easily prosecuted petty offenses in order to boost the annual figures on successful prosecutions—which by tradition must rise each year. The FBI is also notorious for grabbing all the publicity surrounding cases in which they are involved, overshadowing the role of local police departments. Local police complain privately of the "one-way street" by which the FBI

EDUCATORS/ ORGANIZERS

Because of the large number of requests for large quantities of Ramparts' recent issues for use in classes, projects, organizing and other non-profit activities, we are making available boxes of 25 copies of any 1970 issue at the special price of $10 per box.

To order recent issues in lots of 25, write to the address below and enclose your check — no credit orders can be accepted at this price, which is less than half the regular price for off-sale issues.

guide to recent issues:

JAN.: Behind the Chicago Conspiracy Trial; The Ecology of Oil (Alaska)

FEB.: The Red Man's Burden; Private War in Laos; Deserter Underground

MARCH: The Rolling Stones at Play; Nixon and His Friends; Bertrand Russell on My Lai

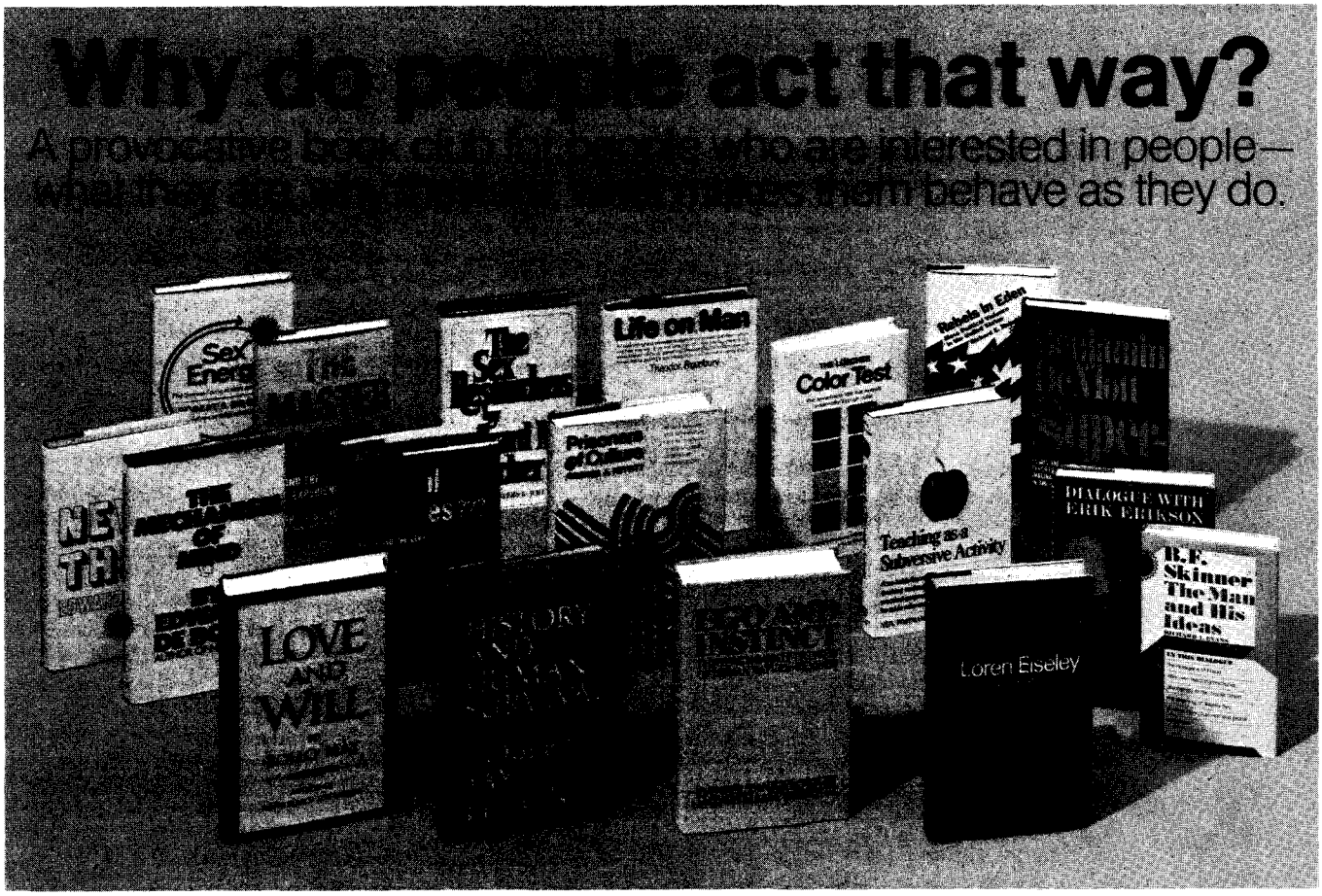
APRIL: Cuban Silkscreen Portfolio; Torture in Greece; Marcuse on Utopia

MAY: Special Ecology Issue; Eight Contemporary Articles

JUNE: Bobby Seale's Own Story; Dangers of the Pill; Laotian Struggle; Genet on the Panthers

RAMPARTS — Back-Issue Dept.
1940 Bonita Ave.
Berkeley, California 94704

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Why do people act that way?
A provocative book club for people who are interested in people—
Sex Energy
Life on Man
Color Test
Teaching as a Subversive Activity
DIALOGUE WITH ERIK ERIKSON
B.F. Skinner The Man and His Ideas
LOVE AND WILL
Loren Eiseley

Choose Any 3 Selections Below (Worth up to $36.70) For Only $3.95

● *These two books count as one selection.*

As a member of the Psychology Today Book Club you will have an opportunity to read the best books being published in the vitally important fields of psychology, sex research, anthropology, sociology, family and marital planning, and child development—all the areas of knowledge that are most important to you as a human being.

You will receive any three of the selections below *immediately*—books worth up to $36.70—for only $3.95. Then you may purchase any of the many fascinating and informative books that will be offered to you during the coming year at special club discount prices.

- You *never* pay publishers' prices for the books you order—you save up to 40 percent.
- You may return any books you order within ten days and receive a *full refund* on the purchase price.
- You are only obligated to purchase three books during the membership year.

Just choose three selections from the books listed below . . . fill out the Membership Certificate and mail to:

00018. THE UNEXPECTED UNIVERSE, Loren Eiseley. Publisher's price $5.75
00017. LOVE AND WILL, Rollo May. Publisher's price $6.95
00031. EGO AND INSTINCT, Daniel Yankelovich and William Barrett. Publisher's price $10.00
00021. THE LUSCHER COLOR TEST, Max Lüscher. Publisher's price $6.95
00023. THE SEX RESEARCHERS, Edward M. Brecher. Publisher's price $6.95
00002. TEACHING AS A SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITY, Neil Postman and Charles Weingartner. Publisher's price $5.95
00047. HISTORY AND HUMAN SURVIVAL, Robert Jay Lifton. Publisher's price $8.95
00052. NATURAL ENEMIES???, Alexander Klein (ed.). Publisher's price $8.95
00033. PRISONERS OF CULTURE, George Pettitt. Publisher's price $8.50
00027. LIFE ON MAN, Theodor Rosebury. Publisher's price $6.95

● Dual Selections

00008. SEX ENERGY and THE MASTER GAME, Robert S. de Ropp. 2 volumes, count as 1 selection. Publisher's price $12.90
00030. DIALOGUE WITH ERIK ERIKSON and B. F. SKINNER: THE MAN AND HIS IDEAS, Richard I. Evans. 2 volumes, count as 1 selection. Publisher's price $9.45
00025. THE DECLINE OF RADICALISM: REFLECTIONS ON AMERICA TODAY, Daniel Boorstin, and **THE POWER TACTICS OF JESUS CHRIST AND OTHER ESSAYS,** Jay Haley. 2 volumes, count as 1 selection. Publisher's price $9.90
00043. THE MECHANISM OF MIND and NEW THINK, Edward de Bono. 2 volumes, count as 1 selection. Publisher's price $11.90
00049. SUPERGROW, Benjamin DeMott, and **REBELS IN EDEN,** Richard Rubenstein. 2 volumes, count as 1 selection. Publisher's price $11.90
00035. THE UNDERACHIEVING SCHOOL, John Holt, and **WHO CAN BE EDUCATED?,** Milton Schwebel. 2 volumes, count as 1 selection. Publisher's price $11.45
00015. THE DIVIDED SELF and SELF AND OTHERS, R. D. Laing. 2 volumes, count as 1 selection. Publisher's price $11.90

psychology today book club

P.O. Box 178, 400 Community Drive, Manhasset, New York 11030

Send me the three selections I have indicated in the boxes. Bill me only $3.95 plus shipping and handling for all three, and enroll me as a member of the *Psychology Today Book Club. New selections will be described to me in advance each month.* I need never accept a book I do not want. My only obligation is to accept three additional selections or alternates during the next year, at savings of up to 40 percent. I may resign any time after that.

Guarantee: If not delighted with your introductory books, you may return them in ten days to cancel membership. There will be no further obligation on your part.

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Important! We regret that we cannot accept orders from outside the continental United States. **402**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER, INDICATING QUANTITY DESIRED, AND ENCLOSE REMITTANCE

BROADSIDE PRESS, DEPT. R-1
12651 Old Mill Place
Detroit, Michigan 48239

Send me the following titles:

__ 1 __ 2 __ 3 __ 4 __ 5 __ 6 __ 7

My check or money order is enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Broadside Press publishes the NEW BLACK POETRY

1. For Malcolm: Poems on the Life and the Death of Malcolm X, *edited by D. Randall and M. G. Burroughs.* cloth $4.95, paper $2.95

2. Black Poetry: A Supplement to Anthologies Which Exclude Black Poets, *edited by D. Randall.* cloth $4.00, paper $.95

3. Riot, *by Gwendolyn Brooks.* cloth $5.00, paper $1.00

4. We Walk the Way of the New World, *by Don L. Lee.* cloth $4.50, paper $1.50

5. Black Judgment, *by Nikki Giovanni.* paper $1.00

6. We Are BaddDDD People, *by Sonia Sanchez.* paper $1.50

7. Cities Burning, *by D. Randall.* paper $1.00

gathers information from them but gives little in return. In some cases the FBI even withholds information about wanted suspects, especially in such highly publicized crimes as kidnappings, to make sure that no local police department makes the big arrest.

While Hoover has consistently lobbied for increased jurisdiction and authority for the FBI, he has from the outset stopped short of those areas involving the really tough law enforcement task of curbing syndicated crime. During Prohibition, when organized crime became entrenched in virtually every large city, developing in symbiosis with local political machines, the job of fighting the syndicates did not fall to the FBI. The gangs were pursued primarily under Prohibition laws, narcotics laws, the income tax code, and firearms statutes prohibiting machine guns. These fell within the purview of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Unit, both part of the Treasury, rather than the Justice, Department. Hoover's G-men tracked down such small-time "people's outlaws" as John Dillinger and Pretty-boy Floyd, but never went after Al Capone and the Mafia.

FOR MANY YEARS, the FBI justified its emphasis on small crime by taking the official position that organized crime simply did not exist on a national level and was therefore a "local law enforcement problem." Only when Bobby Kennedy, as Attorney General, set out to build a political career by fighting the Mafia, did the FBI admit the existence of nationally syndicated crime.

The celebrated "top ten most wanted" program, initiated in 1950, exemplifies the techniques by which the FBI maximizes publicity while minimizing the difficulty of its own job. A check of the "top ten" shows that most of those listed are small-time amateurs, a majority of them black. Frequently the FBI further reduces the risk of failure in the public eye by adding names to the list, not when the crime is committed but only when they are sure they are close to making an arrest. Out of the hundreds of names that have appeared, only one has been linked to organized crime —and he was never caught.

Given the extent to which organized crime is integrated into the fabric and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

institutions of American society, it can be seen from Turner's account that one of the most important political roles the FBI has played was minimizing the awareness of syndicated crime. It has promoted instead the notion that poor individuals driven to small crime constitute the main criminal threat to "law and order" in America.

THE OTHER CRUCIAL political function of the FBI—keeping alive the phobia about communism and "subversion"—is also well documented in Turner's book. J. Edgar Hoover's own career as a national "law enforcer" began in 1919 when he served as a special assistant to Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, architect of the

Get high on the natch'

Rags america's newsprint fashion magazine

Subscription Department R
RAGS
30 East 20 Street
New York, N.Y. 10003

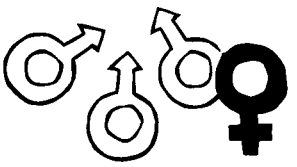
Enter my name for a **RAGS** subscription. I am enclosing $7.50 for 26 issues.
PLEASE PRINT

Name: .....

Address: .....

City and State: .....Zip:.....

take a subscription — or demand it from your newsstand.



Our best women — those in whom society has invested most heavily — underperform, underachieve, and underproduce. We waste them and they waste themselves. Why this is so and how it occurs is the focus of this book.*

*WOMAN'S PLACE

CYNTHIA FUCHS EPSTEIN

at your bookstore $6.95

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
Berkeley • Los Angeles • New York

To: Your bookstore or University of California Press
2223 Fulton Berkeley, Ca 94720

Send me _____ copy(ies) of Woman's Place at $6.50 per book, for which I enclose payment. California residents add 5% tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

sociocom

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES IN SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

Revolutionary approach: Directories of Positions sent to subscribers, Directories of Subscribers sent to organizations and agencies with openings.

Openings in all related fields: administration, direct services, education, health and mental health, housing, law, manpower and research. Participating organizations include: Community Action Agencies, Community Mental Health Centers, Parent-Child Centers, Urban Renewal Authorities, Legal Aid Programs, Consulting Firms, job-training programs and others. Subscribe for August and future programs.

Sociocom, Box 317, Harvard Square P.O., Cambridge, Mass. 02138. Please send me, without obligation, subscription information on Sociocom.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip___

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A brilliant young psychiatrist explores the hidden reasons for white racism in America

"Singularly impressive and well written . . . Dr. Kovel's thesis is that the abominated status of the Negro in America is not simply an incidental growth on the surface of our history, capable of being excised by legislation, integration, right thinking, good works, or benign neglect. He believes that the black man's plight is a function of a racism which . . . is built into the very character of Western civilization, which is, by definition, white civilization."

—CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT, *New York Times*

"A brilliant book, admirably and provocatively written . . . very much worth reading for the many insights it provides . . . a remarkable achievement."

—ASHLEY MONTAGU

WHITE RACISM

A Psychohistory By Joel Kovel

Assistant Professor of Psychiatry, Albert Einstein College of Medicine

$7.95, now at your bookstore

PANTHEON

infamous Palmer Raids against radicals. But it was FDR who gave the FBI much of its present power: in 1939 he instructed them "to take charge of investigative work in matters relating to espionage, sabotage, and violations of the neutrality agreements."

During World War II, when American communists supported the war effort and Russia was an ally, the FBI focused on Nazi espionage. Even there its reputation grew directly out of public relations. FBI brochures always refer to the famous case in which eight Nazi saboteurs landed on Long Island and were rounded up in 16 days. What was not reported publicly was that one of the eight was actually a militant anti-Nazi who had volunteered for the mission in order to desert and had immediately contacted the FBI upon landing. In order to preserve and enhance the myth of FBI prowess, however, the true source of the information was kept quiet, and the informer was tried and sentenced to 30 years along with the other seven.

After the war, Hoover returned his attention to communist witch-hunting, reactivating in 1949 the General Intelligence Division (now called the Domestic Intelligence Division) which had carried out the Palmer Raids. Throughout the '50s this unit played an important role in keeping the spectre of communism before the country at a time when the American Communist Party was in decline. In 1959 the FBI had, in New York City, four agents working on organized crime and 400 keeping tabs on communist and "communist-infiltrated" organizations.

TURNER'S BOOK has an implicit liberal message—the FBI is criticized because it is "not effective" in combatting crime and because of the threat it represents to civil liberties. But it is clear that the thrust of the book has radical implications as well, and it is an important book for radicals: first, because it demonstrates that the FBI is not omnipotent, that in many ways its reputation is a shuck; and second, because it offers some penetrating insights into the psychology of those who wield power in America, particularly the "hard-liners"—the Mitchells, Nixons, Hoovers and Hoffmans.

How can J. Edgar Hoover be, at one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the same time, a leading spokesman for a philosophy of integrity, honesty and efficiency, and also a cunning politician who deftly maneuvers the FBI away from a confrontation with the Mafia and has agents literally manufacture statistics to present a false view of the FBI's accomplishments? In part, this contradiction is indicative of the impossibility of genuine idealism in the context of implementing America's police and military power. In such a situation, hypocrisy must underlie commitment, and images become more important than reality.

But beyond this, the hypocrisy of such men results from the complete merging in their minds of their own power and the ideals they espouse—with the result that personal aggrandizement is viewed as a triumph of idealism. One can imagine J. Edgar Hoover reasoning that the fight against crime and communism depends first and foremost on the prominence of the FBI and on his hold over it, and that consequently whatever is necessary to his power is justified. This merging of self with goals is, of course, inseparable from a deep cynicism about the values themselves.

This sort of mindset seems central to the psychology of fascism. Hitler, the maniacal ideologue, was also a canny politician who could compromise his ideals by making the Japanese "honorary Aryans" (as America makes military dictators honorary democrats). In the end Hitler came to have nothing but contempt for the master race whose destiny he claimed to embody, deciding in the last months of the war that the German people deserved to die in an apocalyptic *Götterdämmerung.*

Even now, the FBI itself comes close to being a classic model of a fascist organization, with absolute control vested in "the Director" (also known as "the Man"), who demands a totalistic obedience and commitment in all aspects of his employees' lives. His power is absolute, arbitrary and capricious—agents having been fired for wearing a red tie when coming before the Director (a sign of insincerity) or for having moist palms when shaking his hand (a sign of untrustworthiness). Such absolutism is incompatible with efficiency. Hitler was informed of the Normandy invasion only the morning after it occurred because no aide had been willing to wake him in the night and face his wrath

HOOVER'S F.B.I.

THE MEN and THE MYTH
by William W. Turner,

A G-man for 10½ years turns the world's most influential law enforcement agency inside out, revealing the FBI's *trumped up conviction record; use of wire-taps, bugging, illegal entry, domination of local police; antique methods and attitudes; control of news media; apathy to Organized Crime,* etc. Included are proven facts, documents and inside Case Histories on how Hoover, his agents and his agency really operate!

Send $7.50, Cash, Check, M.O. to:
Crescent Books, Dept. ER
806 So. Robertson Blvd.,
Los Angeles, Calif. 90035.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

California Residents Add 5% Sales Tax.

an extraordinary book of poems

SISTINE CARTOONS

BY
L.C. PHILLIPS

I was impressed by the sheer expressive power of (the) writing.
– Maurice Girodias

including **NAPALM: ODE TO A VAGINAL JELLY** *. . . the most severe and poetic judgment of the Viet Nam war-politics ever published.*
– Edmond Devoghelaere

. . . monumental cartoons . . . of how his poetrylifestylesentience makes yr mouth water yr brain plead yr innards thankful (he's) the best damn word-jockey in USA.
– Gary Elder

hardbound: $3.95

Box 16697 Phila., Pa. 19139

PULSE-FINGER PRESS

All the latest findings of 87 top experts from 19 countries on

ABORTION

In a Changing World

Edited by Robert E. Hall, M.D.

In as comprehensive and straightforward a manner as possible, this two-volume work makes available the most complete body of facts and considerations on the ethical, medical, legal, social, and global aspects of abortion assembled to date. Distinguished authorities from the United States and other countries share their knowledge and experience.

Vol. I and Vol. II $10.00 each

Available at your local bookstore

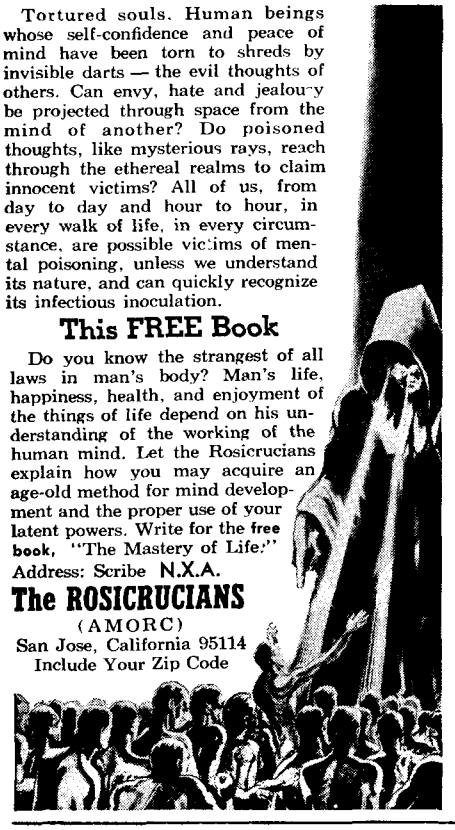
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
New York, New York 10025

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mental Poisoning!

Thoughts that Enslave Minds

Tortured souls. Human beings whose self-confidence and peace of mind have been torn to shreds by invisible darts — the evil thoughts of others. Can envy, hate and jealousy be projected through space from the mind of another? Do poisoned thoughts, like mysterious rays, reach through the ethereal realms to claim innocent victims? All of us, from day to day and hour to hour, in every walk of life, in every circumstance, are possible victims of mental poisoning, unless we understand its nature, and can quickly recognize its infectious inoculation.



This FREE Book

Do you know the strangest of all laws in man's body? Man's life, happiness, health, and enjoyment of the things of life depend on his understanding of the working of the human mind. Let the Rosicrucians explain how you may acquire an age-old method for mind development and the proper use of your latent powers. Write for the **free book**, "The Mastery of Life."

Address: Scribe N.X.A.

The ROSICRUCIANS
(AMORC)
San Jose, California 95114
Include Your Zip Code

at the news. So, too, Turner records some ludicrous situations created by Hoover—as when he scribbled "Watch the borders" on a memo (indicating that the margin width was not to his liking), only to have a subordinate, afraid to ask the meaning of the note, put an extra detail of agents on the Mexican and Canadian borders. Not surprisingly, the FBI has found it increasingly difficult to recruit agents, even though the starting salary is an incredible $12,000 per year and opportunities in business for ex-agents are excellent.

IT IS IMPORTANT for radicals to recognize the inherent incompetence of the FBI. The Hoover doctrine of infallibility has surely been belied by recent experience. Despite FBI efforts, for example, this past year has seen the beginnings of a revolutionary underground in America: Eldridge Cleaver slipped away; Rap Brown has dropped from sight; Pat Swinton, sought in connection with New York bombings, is nowhere to be found, despite "one of the most intensive manhunts in FBI history"; 11 of the 12 Weathermen indicted for conspiracy appear to be successfully hiding; and thousands of deserters from the Army are loose in this country.

Of course this is not to say that the FBI is a paper tiger: police forces in America will grow in size, technique and power, and other agencies, such as the CIA, will probably step up their domestic operations. At the beginning of the Chicago Eight trial, the defendants could see Judge Hoffman only as a grotesque joke, and so they portrayed him as Mr. Magoo. As the trial progressed and it became clear that this ridiculous little man also wielded state power, the Magoo image was no longer adequate. Still, it was important to laugh at the absurdities of Hoffman and the judicial system he represents in order to desanctify it, to see that it is vulnerable, and thus to see our way to fighting against it. So, too, as the Movement grows and becomes more serious, it is important to laugh at old J. Edgar, to recognize the hucksterizing and weakness in his organization, and to see that we really can outwit and defeat him and everything he represents.

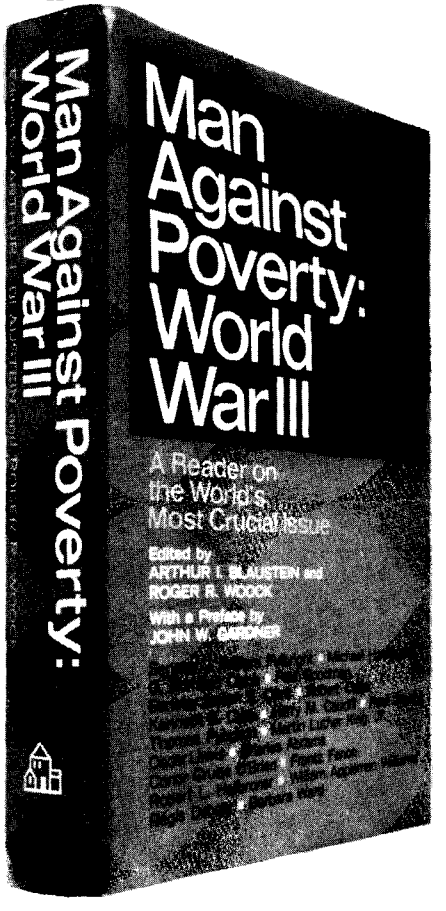
—ANDY TRUSKIER

"An excellent and important anthology (on) the most critical issue of our time. Should be required reading."
—SENATOR GEORGE McGOVERN

"Hard-hitting, unforgettably vivid word-pictures of what it's like to be dirt poor."
—*Publishers' Weekly*

Edited by ARTHUR I. BLAUSTEIN and ROGER R. WOOCK. With a preface by John Gardner. With essays by Michael Harrington, Paul Goodman, Senator Joseph S. Clark, Régis Debray, Frantz Fanon, Oscar Lewis, and a host of others.

Clothbound $7.95; paperbound $2.45. Now at your bookstore
Random House


Man Against Poverty: World War III
A Reader on the World's Most Critical Issue
Edited by ARTHUR I. BLAUSTEIN and ROGER R. WOOCK

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

Send everything to Ramparts, 1940 Bonita Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94704

Please include a Ramparts address label whenever you write us about your subscription.

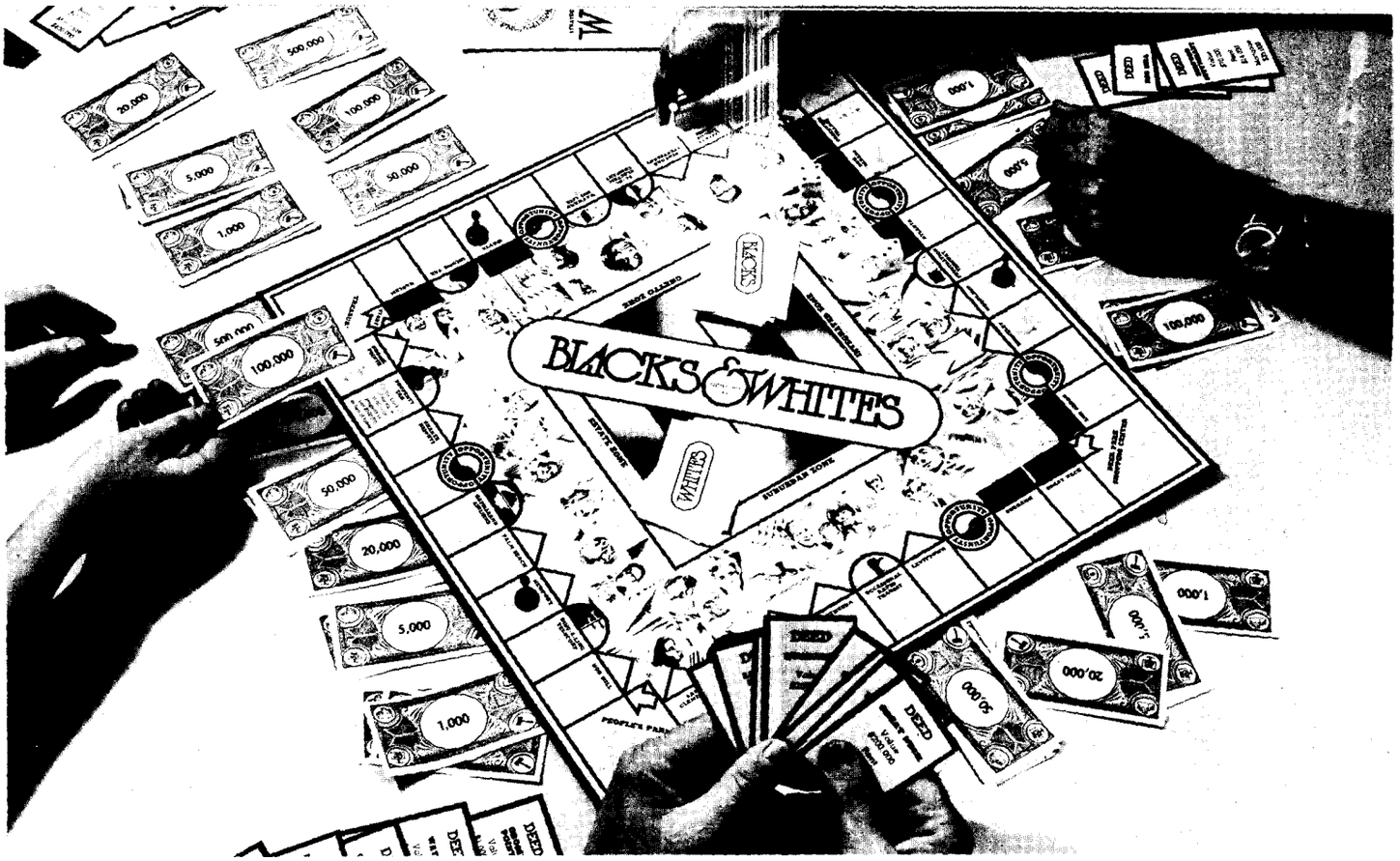
ATTACH LABEL HERE

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

☐ 1 Year (12 issues) ..... $ 8.50
☐ 2 Years (24 issues) $15.00
☐ New Order ☐ Renewal
☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill Me
☐ Change My Address to:

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Easy to be black?

Experience the ghetto. Live on welfare. Be a target for police harassment. Try to buy in a white suburb.

Your challenge: To keep the land-hungry majority type from winning the game cheaply and quickly. To make changes. To redistribute the wealth and power. To shake up the status-quo.

The odds are against you. But when, and if, you get some odd breaks, it's time to stay loose and invent wild new strategies. You may use better resources, and risk yourself with more courage, than players who start well off but live uptight in fear of failure.

You may play the game again and again and never succeed, but BLACKS and WHITES, like life, is like that.

Designed for educational use, this game originated at the Univ. of Calif. at Davis. Players who chose to be black could not win, or seriously effect the course of the competitive thing going on between white players.

But black and white students testing the game for PSYCHOLOGY TODAY, rewrote the rules of play. As students tend to do, they shook up the rigidities of the past and introduced free form alternatives into the game.

Black people, though still victims of discrimination, become the agents of change. A black player on welfare becomes a direct concern to other players. The idiom of money and property was enriched as much as possible with educational factors, Black-Power politics, and illogical luck.

BLACKS and WHITES. A PSYCHOLOGY TODAY GAME. $6.95 (plus 50c postage and handling). Dealer inquiries invited.

FREE!
2'x3' Full Color Poster with purchase of each BLACKS & WHITES game. This powerful visual statement from a past issue of Psychology Today is a regular $2 value. Act today! The supply is limited.

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY GAMES
P.O. Box 4762, Clinton, Iowa 52732

Please send me _____ BLACKS and WHITES game(s) (order #105) at $6.95 (plus 50¢ postage and handling). Please include my FREE Psychology Today poster—WHITE MAN'S WORLD. I enclose my check or money order for $_____ to cover the full amount of my purchase, and I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return BLACKS and WHITES for a full refund. (New York and California residents please add applicable state sales tax.) P-51

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reservists and National Guardsmen Say 'NO' to the War

We, the undersigned, are officers and enlisted men of the United States military Reserve forces.

We wear the same uniform as the American troops being killed and maimed every day in Vietnam. We want those soldiers home — alive.

We demand total withdrawal of ALL our fellow American soldiers from Vietnam now. Not just combat troops, not just ground forces, but ALL troops.

We demand total withdrawal now of all the American soldiers advising the armies of dictatorships throughout Latin America and Asia. We don't want Guatemala, Thailand, or Bolivia to become the Vietnams of the 1970's. One Vietnam is enough; too many people have been killed already to preserve America's overseas empire.

As men who have served in the armed forces, we have seen firsthand the dangerously growing power of American militarism. As soldiers and as citizens, we believe we have a special obligation to speak out against it.

This statement signed by 470 officers and men as of 4/10/70
Partial list of signers:

MAJ Harold Jamison, Air Force Reserve
LT Ernest J. Notar, Navy Reserve
CPT William Halal, Air Force Reserve
Lt(jg) Francis A. Toth, Navy Reserve
ENS James V. Calio, Jr., Navy Reserve
LT(jg) G. A. Braun, Navy Reserve
AIC David Callow, Air National Guard
LCpl Bruce Hanna, Marine Reserve
PFC Nils Schoultz, Army Reserve
LCpl Richard O. Kraemer, Marine Reserve
E2 Donald L. Harris, Air National Guard
PVT Walter Lobitz, Army Reserve
PFC William D. Hund, Marine Reserve
E3 John P. Van Emmerik, Air National Guard
PFC William T. Weisend, Marine Reserve
E3 David Blakely, Air National Guard
LCpl Kenneth M. Perry, Marine Reserve
SN Richard Holway, Coast Guard Reserve
PFC Edmund Feeney, Marine Reserve
PS2 Stephen Harvey, Coast Guard Reserve
LCpl Stephen Pizzo, Marine Reserve
SGT Dennis S. Thalman, Air Force Reserve
PFC Stephen M. Patras, Marine Reserve
PS2 Thomas Herbert, Coast Guard Reserve
SGT Ronald Gras, Marine Reserve
PFC John Van Orden, Army Reserve
PS2 Ted Perez, Coast Guard Reserve
LCpl Michael John Solomon, Marine Reserve
PS2 Alfonso Roderigues, Coast Guard Reserve
SGT James M. Ballance, Air Force Reserve
SP4 George P. Holmes, Army Reserve
PS2 Frank A. DeOme, Coast Guard Reserve
SGT Michael A. Ryan, Air Force Reserve
PVT Ted Radetich, Marine Reserve
SN David Collins, Coast Guard Reserve
SP4 James Nash, Army Reserve
PVT Craig Sobrero, Marine Reserve
PFC Robert Domergue, Army Reserve
PS3 Terry Minns, Coast Guard Reserve
SGT C. J. O'Hare, Air Force Reserve
PFC Hideo Takahashi, Army Reserve
SN Jerry Isaacs, Coast Guard Reserve
LCpl Timothy C. Beatty, Marine Reserve
SP4 Arthur Farley, Army Reserve
SGT Bruce Phillips, Air Force Reserve
CPL Robert J. Molini, Marine Reserve
SN T. S. Kelley, Coast Guard Reserve
SP4 Lars Schoultz, Army Reserve
PVT Raymond J. Velati, Marine Reserve
SN Richard Straub, Coast Guard Reserve
LCpl Dave Hope, Marine Reserve
PFC Paul Bell, Army Reserve
PFC George Denise, Marine Reserve
PS3 Henry Darmstaat, Coast Guard Reserve
SP4 John S. Glascock, Army Reserve
PFC Larry Cullen, Marine Reserve
BM2 Glenn E. Torbett, Coast Guard Reserve
SP4 Jonathan Peck, Army Reserve
CPL David Struven, Marine Reserve
PFC Herbert Castillo, Army Reserve
SGT Roger Stowers, Marine Reserve
PFC Philip Grattan, Army Reserve
LCpl Richard Hire, Marine Reserve
PFC Peter Lee, Army Reserve
LCpl Robert Falconer, Marine Reserve

(cut on dotted line)

To:

Reservists Committee to Stop the War
P.O. Box 4398
Berkeley, California 94704

☐ I'm not in the military, but I want to help G.I.'s organize against the war. Here's my contribution of $_____.

☐ I'm in the Reserves or the Guard. Please add my name to this statement and send me more information.

Branch of military_____Rank_____
Vietnam veteran? ☐

Enclosed is my contribution of $_____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____State _____Zip _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED